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## Notes of the Week

THE Marquess of Milford Haven will never be spoken of or remembered in the Navy otherwise than as Prince Louis. His Naval career came to its zenith with the outbreak of war, and he was at that time probably the ablest all-round sailor of his rank, as well as the most trusted by the Fleet. His proved love and devotion to England did not avail, in the state of public temper that existed, to prevent the tragedy of his banishment, and the loss to the Navy of his accumulated experience and military genius; but they might teach us, in tribute to his memory, not to regard every British subject of alien ancestry as necessarily a traitor and an enemy.

A pleasant incident of Prince Louis's life, which he used often to recall, was his visit to America in 1905 in command of the British Cruiser Squadron. It was the first time a British Admiral had been officially received at the White House by the President of the United States and the first time that a British squadron from home waters had anchored in an American port. The ten days he spent off Manhattan Island in the *Drake* are still spoken of in New York. He knew exactly how to take Americans. Genial, without an atom of "side," too naturally dignified ever to be thinking of his dignity, and full of zest, he scored a huge personal success wherever he went. Even the New York journalists were abashed or captivated into writing of him like gentlemen. What spiced his triumph was that Prince Henry of Prussia, only a little while before, in playing to the same audience, had been all but hissed off the stage and had ended his slang-besprinkled, resolutely jovial and hustling tour by becoming a national butt. With Prince Louis there was no mistake of that or any other sort.

The London Labour Mayors who propose descending upon the Prime Minister at Inverness on Monday to explain to him the situation in regard to unemployment had much better stay at home. In its essence the position needs no explanation. Unemployment is not exceptionally severe and it is decreasing. The trouble is that it coincides with a time when the local rates, Trade Union benefit funds, the workings of the Insurance Acts, and the resources of private charity are nearly at the end of their tether. Before the problem of finding work or providing the means of subsistence for a million and a half unemployed and their dependents, they throw up despairing hands of impotence. If something must be done, say the Labour Mayors, the State alone can do it. But it can only do it by laying fresh burdens on an already overlaid community and by drawing upon an already emptying Treasury; and whatever measures it adopts can only be palliatives, wasteful, demoralising, wholly unproductive of any permanent good.

At the same time if the State hesitates to come to the rescue of the local authorities it virtually throws many of them, in London especially, into the bankruptcy court and it leaves the poorest districts, where the need is greatest, to bear the heaviest expense. The problem has been tackled so late that nothing but an improvised makeshift of a solution is now possible, and it will probably take the form of futile relief works, road-making and so on, with the Exchequer footing three-fifths of the bill. Does without work or any sort of test are perhaps a shade more vicious than public employment provided in a hurry and accepted with the determination to shirk everything that can be shirked. It would be much better if the State could assist the many factories that have closed down owing to the high cost of coal to reopen and so start the wheels of normal industry revolving again. But for that, time and forethought are both lacking. The trade revival which is coming, though haltingly, offers the best hope that the emergency will prove neither prolonged nor unmanageable.

One of the methods proposed for the relief of unemployment is an extension of work on new arterial roads. These are undoubtedly wanted, but it would be better if, for the present, work were confined to those already in existence. Many of our English roads are still in a disgraceful condition, and it will be cheaper and fairer to ratepayers to repair and widen these and render them less dangerous, than to embark upon the costly enterprise of cutting new ones. Heavy char-a-banc traffic is largely responsible for their bad state, and it is only reasonable that the owners of these cars should pay heavily towards road upkeep. Railways have to maintain their own permanent ways, but the motor-coach companies who run in competition with the railways have theirs maintained at the expense of unwilling ratepayers. The cost of making a new road is now £12,000 per mile.

The case of Mr. Norman Wiesz is only one of many indications that the Home Office, which enjoys a fair immunity from criticism, is in need of reform, particularly where its activities are concerned with the liberty

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of the individual citizen. Last week the astounding case of Colonel Rawnsley, where a distinguished officer, after being haled before the magistrate on the evidence of one policeman and accused of accosting a woman (who was not produced) in Hyde Park, was reluctantly discharged, and the still more amazing case, tried at the Old Bailey on Thursday, where a perfectly respectable physician and a young Irishman of good character were accused of revoltingly indecent behaviour, again on the evidence of one policeman who pretended to be able to see in the dark, seem to indicate that the royal parks are no longer places in which any man who values liberty or reputation can safely take a stroll, either alone or in company. The waste of time and money is only a minor aspect of this evil. The annoyance and indeed anguish caused to a man in Dr. Beecham's position by a public trial at the Old Bailey, even when he is acquitted, are almost incalculable; and the frequency with which such charges are brought and dismissed suggests, at the very least, a misplaced zeal on the part of the police which should be promptly and sternly checked.

The letter from Dr. Levy which appears in our correspondence columns is another instance of the way in which the Home Office is exercising the arbitrary powers with which it was invested, most undesirably as we think, by the Aliens Restriction Act of 1919. It is possible, of course, that there is some good reason for expelling an eminent scholar who has made his home in this country for thirty years, and whose work for literature has been valuable and important; but having regard to Mr. Shortt's record in other matters we are inclined to doubt it. In any case it goes dead against one of our soundest traditions; and in the case of Dr. Levy some explanation is due to the public.

The Association of British Chambers of Commerce is doing excellent work in collecting the views of its members all over the kingdom on the industrial and economic questions of the day, the workings of the Trade Boards, for instance, and the waste of public money. In regard to the former the evidence is emphatic that the Trade Boards directly create unemployment and make foreign business almost impossible. The rates they fix take too little account of competition abroad, and of varying local conditions. The minimum wage tends to become the maximum and so shuts out beginners who have no opportunity of learning the trade. Even when employers and employees agree on lower wages or longer hours than the Trade Board thinks right, officialdom steps in with its veto and the works have to close down or go on half-time or dismiss a large proportion of the staff. Moreover the wages prescribed by the Trade Boards prove in practice to be almost impervious to the rapid ups and downs of business, and the delay in getting them re-adjusted stifles enterprise and throws the industrial machine out of gear. So all but impossible is it to legislate for industry without doing more harm than good.

At Monday's meeting of the British Association Mr. C. S. Orwin, the President of the Agricultural Section, rehearsed some of the grievances of the producer against the system of marketing and distribution which hits him even harder than it hits the consumer. He quoted cases of a dozen cabbages for which the producer got 3d., the wholesaler 1s., and the retailer from 2s. 6d. to 4s.; of cauliflowers for which the producer received 3s., the wholesaler 5s. and the retailer 6s. to 10s.; of turnips for which the producer got 2s. per cwt. and the retailer 18s.; of milk sold by the farmer to a middleman at 1s. 9d. the gallon and retailed to the consumer at 3s.; and of lamb for which the pro-

ducer was paid 1s. 4d. while the butcher charged his customers 2s. 6d. It is an old injustice, and, broadly speaking, there are only two remedies. The first is co-operation as it is practised in Denmark, Belgium and Ireland, but very little in England; the second is big business working on a scale that enables it to dispense with the middleman.

But mark what follows when big business begins to "control the food of the people." No matter how much it improves the quality, lowers the price, and adds to the availability of the products in which it deals, the public remains profoundly hostile. The easiest thing in the world is to arouse sentiment against the Chicago packing firms. Yet the bald economic facts about the Chicago packers is that they carry on their colossal trade on the basis of a 3 per cent. profit on their turnover; that they handle foodstuffs more cheaply, more swiftly, under more wholesome and sanitary conditions, and therefore to the greater advantage of the public, than foodstuffs have ever in history been handled before; that they wage incessant war on waste and the parasites of their industry; and that they have reduced to a minimum those intermediary charges for manufacturing, transporting and merchandising which, as a rule, are so exorbitant that while the producer receives too little the consumer pays too much. These are the facts, but nobody believes them; and the same papers that published Mr. Orwin's address described also how several hundred thousand tons of New Zealand meats, purchased by a Chicago packing firm for shipment to London, were held up in the Christchurch storehouses because the Government shares the middleman's prejudice against efficient business methods.

M. Poincaré has published in the *Temps* his version of the French attempt in 1919 to secure for France from the Allies the permanent occupation of the left bank of the Rhine. The new thing which he brings forward is a letter of his own which he wrote to M. Clemenceau in May of that year, and in which he stated that an alliance of Great Britain and the United States with France was no substitute for such an occupation. As everybody knows the proposed alliance fell through, and the French occupation of the left bank of the Rhine is to last for fifteen years; in these circumstances M. Poincaré contends that France has fallen, as it were, between two stools. Of course it is the fear of insufficient guarantees that disturbs him and many of his fellow-countrymen, and makes them so touchy and irritable. As was to be expected, M. Tardieu immediately took up the cudgels for M. Clemenceau, and has most usefully drawn attention to the fact that the Treaty with Germany provides for an extended occupation if at the end of fifteen years the Allied Governments consider that the German guarantees against unprovoked aggression are insufficient.

Although the political situation in Germany is still critical, it is obvious that the hand of Dr. Wirth, the Chancellor, is making itself felt. The firm line he took in the controversy with the reactionary Munich Government led at the beginning of the week to the resignation of Dr. von Kahr, the Premier, and of Dr. Roth, the Minister of Justice, of Bavaria; and these resignations were followed subsequently by those of the rest of the Bavarian Ministers. A constitutional question regarding the rights of the federal and Bavarian Governments respectively was raised by the Chancellor's orders to Munich to abrogate the state of siege, or martial law, which has been in force for the last two years, and to suppress certain inflammatory journals. The Kahr Government maintained that Berlin did not possess the authority which it claimed, and refused to submit to it. The matter is important, for behind it is a question of

vital concern to us and our allies—the question of who or what party is to direct and control the external policy of Germany. In Bavaria martial law was applied so as to protect the militarists—Monarchists and Nationalists—who are opposed to the fulfilment of Germany's treaty obligations, and it bore oppressively on those moderate elements, Socialist or other, which in Bavaria, as elsewhere in Germany, seek peace and ensue it, and give the promise of stability to the country. And the stability of Germany is hardly of less importance to us than it is to Germany herself.

It seems now to be certain that the Greeks, having been held up by the Turks before Angora, the Nationalist capital, are withdrawing westward, after a costly campaign which has lasted about two months. It will be recalled that the Turks in June last on the Ismid front had won so considerable a success, Ismid itself being captured, that there was some fear of their advancing on Constantinople—to the no small concern of the Allies. The forces of the Greeks in Asia Minor were, however, rearranged and reinforced, and in the second week of July their commander, General Papoulas, took the field, attacked the Turks in the north and the south, and by the end of the month had driven them out of Afium Karahissar, Kutahia, and Eskishehr, with very heavy losses, after sanguinary fighting. These successes placed in his hands practically all western Anatolia. In August he renewed his offensive, his objective being Angora. The Greeks, with failing transport and ammunition, were fought to a standstill within thirty miles of the city, their losses, put at 18,000 men, being much greater than those of the Turks. In effect the retreat of the Greeks connotes a victory for the Kemalists, whose prestige must thereby be enhanced throughout the East—probably with unfavourable results for us in Kurdistan and Mesopotamia. We await with interest the action of our own Government in the matter.

Perhaps the Hungarians who have invaded the Burgenland and driven the Austrians out of it are inspired by the spirit of reckless and romantic adventure which is in their blood, but they have brought about a situation that is not without international danger, and that should not be tolerated by the Entente Powers for a moment. Lying among the Alpine foothills, the Burgenland is that westernmost part of pre-war Hungary which, under the peace treaties, was transferred to Austria. Its area is about 1,700 square miles, and it has some 350,000 inhabitants, four-fifths of whom are Austrian and less than one-fifth Hungarian. A proclamation of the Inter-Allied Commission authorised the transfer, and an Austrian administration, backed by a small police force, moved into the district, but was compelled to beat a swift retreat by armed Hungarians, under the leadership of the Nationalist chiefs Hejjas and Pronay.

Hungary, like Poland in a similar case, disclaimed responsibility for Hejjas and Pronay, and pleaded inability to control them and their followers. Meanwhile the Government of Admiral Horthy, the Regent of Hungary, though profuse in professions of obedience to the treaties and to the will of the Entente, was not attempting to carry out its full obligations with respect to the Burgenland, all of which was to be evacuated and given to Austria; but was definitely retaining the south-eastern part of it, on the pretext that Austria had not discharged certain liabilities to Hungary, who was holding this territory as security for payment, but would evacuate it when the money was forthcoming. All this was completely outside the peace treaties, which admitted no reservations whatever. It can hardly be supposed that Hungary will long persist in this attitude, but that she should have

taken it up at all indicates, we fear, a further lamentable looseness in the working not only of the Inter-Allied Commission, but of the Entente.

The news from Russia grows steadily worse and it is now clear that even if action is taken immediately it can but slightly mitigate the magnitude of the disaster. It is almost incredible that the Soviet Government should place obstacles in the way of proffered relief, and stop to argue upon theories when stark facts are staring it in the face. The irony of the situation is that in a land which proclaims to the world the reality of its democratic equality, there should be food in plenty for the favoured few able to pay for it. But it is surprising that the starving millions who are not able, have not long ago taken the law into their own hands and seized whatever lay within reach. While half-a-dozen well-fed representatives talk about it, there is shaping in Russia a tragedy as great as, and probably much worse than, that of the great war.

In discussing the use of poison gas in warfare the British Association, as was only to be expected, arrived nowhere. Apart from the impossibility of prohibiting the use of a weapon that can be manufactured in secret and as secretly sprung upon an enemy, it is absurd to draw an arbitrary distinction between methods of killing. No one would dream of pronouncing it legitimate to murder a man by firing a revolver at his head, but dastardly and iniquitous to smother him with a handkerchief, and it is equally foolish to say that this or that method of warfare is permissible, and the other not. When two nations go to war it means that resort to reason has broken down and that each is out to outwit and smash the other. So long as war lasts new instruments of torture are bound to be devised. The days when it could be conducted on the lines of a tournament, with rules, are over.

The question of animal psychology, which has also been exercising the minds of the British Association, is by no means so easily settled. Various speakers attempted to draw a rigid line between instinct and reason. But since it is clear, as Dr. Drever stated, that in any consideration of instinctive behaviour it is necessary to include experience, it becomes evident that some degree of reasoning does indeed take place in the mind of an animal. It is known that the sub-conscious mind of human beings frequently indulges in reasoning of considerable subtlety, and it is this sub-conscious reasoning (the reasoning necessary to connect two independent ideas) which occurs in the animal mind—for instance, in the cited case of the fishes and the dinner bell.

The electors of West Lewisham, with three Anti-Waste candidates to choose from, have returned Sir Philip Dawson, an independent Conservative but a personal supporter of Mr. Lloyd George. As forty per cent. of them abstained from voting there is no very definite moral to be drawn except this, that people are tiring of the brass bands of the original Anti-Waste party, and that the Prime Minister is a bigger electioneering asset than his Government. A candidate who stood simply for the Coalition could hardly find a safe seat anywhere. A candidate who appeals to the voters to support Mr. Lloyd George will meet with a good deal of scornful opposition, but if he plays his cards boldly will always stand a chance of winning. "Measures, not men" is an impossible rule of guidance for a democracy with as much human nature in it as ours. Our people any day would sooner vote for a personality than a policy, and the Prime Minister at this moment is the only personality we seem to possess.



## THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE

OFFICIAL announcement has been made of the names of the American delegates to the coming Conference at Washington upon limitation of armaments and upon the problems of the Pacific. The nominations are excellent. Mr. Hughes, in his six months as Foreign Minister, has been quite remarkably successful so far in straightening out the bewildering muddle in which American relationships with the rest of the world were left by the Wilson administration. He has not been logical, but he has got results; and if nobody can explain why American representatives are sitting to-day on international bodies created by a Treaty which their Government repudiates, or why American troops are on the Rhine to enforce other provisions of that Treaty, we are all none the less delighted that they should be there. With Mr. Hughes is Mr. Lodge, the chairman of the Senate's Committee on Foreign Relations, a champion hitherto of American aloofness, but a life-long politician who can divine as soon as any man how public opinion is shaping, and what he had better do about it. Mr. Root is a statesman universally respected, and possesses far more than Mr. Hughes's experience of world-affairs. Mr. Underwood is the leader of the Democratic opposition in the Senate, and his nomination means the avoidance of one of Mr. Wilson's capital errors—his refusal of any share in the peace-making to his political opponents. It has been arranged that each nation represented at the Conference shall send four delegates, with as many advisers as it may choose. The question of armaments is to be discussed by the Five Powers only; but in the discussion of the problems of the Pacific and the Far East, each minor nation having an interest will be given seats at the Conference when that interest is affected by the proceedings.

So much, then, is settled. But it takes us only a very little way along the road that must be traversed in the next eight weeks. When President Harding named November 11 as the date of the Washington Conference, he introduced a new and gratuitous difficulty into an affair that was certain, in any case, to develop enough difficulties to occupy all the attention of his State Department. To a judicious eye, there was something more effective than businesslike about the selection of Armistice Day; but the main objection was, and is, that a time-limit is put to the very delicate but quite essential work of preliminary discussion and arrangement. It would have been better to name no day until all was ready; and as it has turned out, the Governments concerned are uncomfortably pressed for time in the adjustment of what has to be done in advance. Two months have passed since the invitation to the Powers was issued from Washington, without anything having yet been done towards the settlement of the agenda of the Conference, and the threshing out to the fullest extent possible, among the interested parties, of the problems which are to come before it.

It is evident that the proceedings of the Conference will have a more limited scope than was intended at the outset. There are some questions included in the very general terms of Mr. Harding's invitation upon which there is no discernable possibility of any agreement being reached. Japan, while the other Powers jumped at the Conference proposal with the alacrity of philanthropists who are committing themselves to nothing, honestly declared from the first that she was against the raising of "problems of sole concern to certain particular Powers," or of "such matters as may be regarded as accomplished facts." This was not very precise phraseology; but it meant, of course, that Japan was not prepared to discuss any part of the subject of her very considerable fruits of victory in the Pacific and the Far East. This would rule out several questions which American opinion is far from regarding as closed. Again, the problem of the limita-

tion of armaments in its widest sense was what Mr. Harding proposed for discussion; but it very soon became clear that there could be no question of that. As regards land-armaments there is no basis for general agreement as to limitation. The huge army that France has still on foot is not any too large for the maintaining of the policy she has elected to pursue in Europe and the Near East, and which she certainly will not discuss at Washington. Our own small army is barely enough to fulfil requirements in the mere keeping of order within the Empire. Italy thinks only of defending what she holds. The armies of the European Powers are not in competition with one another; there is nothing practical for them to agree about. Can Japan be shown cause for reducing her forces by land?

The naval question is on another footing. Only three Powers have navies worth mentioning. That of Great Britain is, as always, a necessity of life; she "builds against" no other Power, but against the risk of national destruction, and so long as other navies exist, their strength must be a factor in the determination of her armament-policy. That can be explained in Washington if necessary; it is not hard to understand. But Japan and the United States are definitely engaged in a competition of sea-armaments; and here we come to the root of the matter. The connection between disarmament and the problems of the Pacific is a matter of the rivalry of these two Powers. They may be able to agree upon a limitation of their naval programmes. They compete at a cost which neither can afford. The American national debt is twenty times what it was; the figures of the American pre-war Budget are multiplied by eight. For Japan the maintenance of her armaments has always been a hard struggle. There is here the possibility of an arrangement, as there used to be the possibility of one between ourselves and the Germans. We say nothing about likelihood; but the possibility is what the American Government has set out to explore. Our own interest in it is clear. If a limit is set to sea-power elsewhere, a limit can be set to our own; the position is precisely what it has always been. There are questions of detail, such as the necessity of bringing our own Navy up to date in point of equipment; but the principle is plain and unalterable.

Another matter not foreseen at the outset was the uneasiness with which the Dominion Governments were bound to regard the Conference. Australia in particular is determined to be represented, if only unofficially, at Washington; her own security is the problem of the Pacific that interests her most, but she can be indifferent to none of them. It is unfortunate, to say the least, that advantage was not taken of the presence of the Dominion statesmen in London this summer, when the American Government might well have initiated preliminary discussions in which a great deal of difficult ground could have been cleared. But American opinion has been slow to realize what the new relationship between the Empire nations is, and it has apparently been assumed that the British Government is in a position to make arrangements affecting Australia and Canada without consulting them. The Dominions, however, have little real ground for misgiving. The British Government is perfectly conscious of its obligations to them, and if one thing about the Conference is more certain than another, it is that no decision touching the interest of any Dominion will be taken without that Dominion being fully consulted and satisfied. That may mean difficulty and delay, but it cannot be helped, now that the chance offered by the Empire Conference has been missed.

Our own delegation must be such as will make the best impression in Washington; but we are altogether opposed to the suggestion that Mr. Lloyd George should be at the head of it. At no time was there ever less justification than there is now for the absence of the Prime Minister for an indefinite time, and at a great distance, from this country. Presumably Lord Curzon



is inevitable, although his particular qualities are scarcely seen at their best in a conference. That Lord Beatty must be one of the chief British advisers is self-evident, if it is decided, in deference to the American example, that he cannot be one of the delegates. But no degree of ability, experience and goodwill in the membership of the delegations will make a success of the Conference if a better use is not made of the next two months than of the two last, in the way of preparing the ground and limiting the possibilities of open disagreement.

#### ANOTHER COAL CRISIS

IT is disheartening to have to record that another crisis is maturing in the coal industry. Yet the fact cannot be blinked that the approaching exhaustion of the £10,000,000 subsidy—there will be little or nothing of it left in another fortnight—brings owners and miners face to face with the necessity of discovering some new basis for carrying on. The hope that the trade would quickly throw off the effects of the strike and recover its economic stability has not been realised. It is still a pauper industry. Though the miners are working with a will, coal cannot yet be produced and sold to yield a commercial profit. Even as it is the Government grant does not prevent thousands of miners from being out of work, or collieries from running at a loss, or coal from accumulating in idle uselessness because it cannot find a willing buyer. The present prices, artificially cheapened by the subsidy from the Treasury, are still too high to attract the consumer. When the subsidy is exhausted and withdrawn they must go higher yet if wages are to remain at their present figure. But they must simultaneously be reduced if purchasers are again to come forward. The dilemma is complete.

The truth is that the "settlement" of last June was a mere piece of sticking-plaster which has come unstuck. Like the Treaty of Versailles, it was a political and not an economic arrangement. It purchased temporary peace by the largesse of a Government grant in aid of wages, of all expedients the one on which industrial history has written the flattest condemnation of failure. But it quite ignored the fact that the mere return of the miners to work, the mere cessation of strikes, would go a very little way towards setting the coal trade of this country once more on its feet. It averted a scheme for the future of the industry which would have speedily brought it down in ruin; but it did little or nothing to undo the bedevilling effects of four years of Government control. It ended a madly disastrous struggle; but it contributed hardly anything to the vital problem of so reorganising the coal trade that coal might be again the bulkiest of British exports and that our manufacturers might once more have at their disposal a cheap and abundant supply of industrial energy. There was an infinity of talking and writing during the months of the coal strike about wages and profits, national pools and district boards, the amount and character of Governmental assistance, schemes of amalgamation, the standard of living, and so on. But these were not, though they seemed to be, the things that really mattered. They were all subsidiary to the crucial issue, which was, and is, how to make of the coal industry what it used to be before the war, the mainstay of our shipping and export trade and the most powerful of all the factors that enabled our merchants and manufacturers to sell their goods abroad in competition with all other nations.

In an address which he delivered on Wednesday as the President of the Institution of Mining Engineers Sir John Cadman correctly described coal as the maker of modern Britain. It is only partly because coal is coal—a heavy space-consuming commodity, a great filler of the holds of ships, and produced in these islands conveniently near the ports—that it has played

so compelling a part in the national economy. Its pre-eminence among our natural resources and its economic significance are due far more to the fact that coal has meant for us an unfailing supply of cheap power. Its export value and its domestic value have dovetailed so compactly into the general scheme of British commerce as to revolutionise the character and scope of all our trading operations. It was by means of coal that we paid for our huge intake of foodstuffs and raw material, and it was because coal was cheap and plentiful that industrial production in Great Britain outpointed and undersold all competitors. Clearly then the test which would one day have to be applied to the "settlement" of last June was simply this: Has it put the industry in the way of regaining its pre-war position and of fulfilling the functions that seven years ago it discharged with seemingly effortless regularity? The answer is that the "settlement" has done nothing of the kind and that those who negotiated it were intent on quite other things.

The realities of the many-sided crisis that the coal industry has partly brought upon itself and partly had thrust upon it are thus only now becoming apparent. For instance, there is an unprofitable surplus of probably not less than 200,000 men engaged in and about the mines; and it would seem to be one of the conditions of any real revival of the industry that many tens of thousands of them should seek work either in other occupations or in other lands. A certain number of the pits and many sections of seams closed by the strike will never again be worked, for the reason that it will be a commercial impossibility to reopen them with any hope of their paying their way. Again, the competition of the United States in the European and South American coal markets is a new and formidable fact; from a recovered Germany, quite apart from the reparation deliveries, there is certain to come a sharp rivalry; and the destruction of all sense of security in coal has powerfully stimulated the use of oil for industrial and domestic as well as transport purposes. These are difficulties with which the British mining industry has to contend at a time when it has drifted or been bludgeoned into a thoroughly uneconomic state, to which excessive wages, shorter hours, diminished output and a meddling Parliament have each contributed its quota of unsettlement. So long as it remains in that state it can neither supply our factories with the cheap fuel they need nor can it recapture the vanished export trade; and unless it does both the industrial decay of this country is so assured, and may be so rapid, that another fifteen years may see half the British mines put out of business.

Such, roughly summarised, are some of the tangible problems of the coal industry which were wholly unaffected by the "settlement," which have been partly disguised by the subsidy, but which, with its exhaustion, are now reasserting themselves with vigour. In a general way it is not difficult to indicate where the solutions of them must be sought. The two immediate aims which the owners and the miners ought to set before themselves should be to raise output to the pre-war figure and to bring down the pit-head price to £1 a ton. To do this both parties must be prepared to go through a very lean time and to make heavy sacrifices. Yet the sacrifices will have to be made if we are to work back to our former prosperity in a competitive world. So long as collieries are overmanned, and a deliberate policy of restricting output is adhered to, and absenteeism flourishes, and the average British miner works only thirty-five hours a week, and high wages and short shifts are the order of the day, there is little prospect of increasing production or reducing costs to the necessary level. The exhaustion of the subsidy will be all to the good if it forces miners and owners to face these unpleasant realities betimes. Profound readjustments have yet to be made before the coal industry can be brought even within sight of again paying its way; and they cannot come from one side alone. Miners and owners may grumble, and

kick, and abuse one another and the Government, and try to make out that each is the victim of the other's greed. But it will do them not one atom of good, and they would be much better engaged in taking counsel together on the ways and means of saving their industry from a return to chaos.

#### THE POLITICS OF LANGUAGE

PERHAPS the nearest approach that this kingdom has seen to the language movements that have harassed Continental statesmen is the Gaelic revival in Ireland. It has had its ups and downs in the past two decades, but at this moment it is full of hope and fight. Dail Eireann uses Gaelic as its official language, though speaking in the more intelligible tongue is not at present barred. Mr. de Valera's notes to the British Prime Minister bear the label of "official translation"; but only those in the innermost councils of Sinn Fein know which really came first, the translation or the "original"; and they, very wisely, will never tell. What, however, is clear is that if and when Ireland has a Parliament of her own it will be a bi-lingual assembly, with English and Irish on an equal footing; and that in the law courts and the public services and the schools and universities both tongues, so far as legislation can effect it, will command the same facilities. Each, that is to say, will be legal tender; but custom and convenience and a hundred factors that no laws can touch will decide the issue between them.

Twelve or fifteen years ago, before it lost something of its novelty and enterprise, the Gaelic League seemed a really stalwart body. Those who believed that Ireland was in the throes of some such renaissance of her national spirit and character as Hungary underwent in the middle of last century pointed to the League and its influence and activities as justifying their faith. If after a time they ceased to do so, it was not so much that the propaganda had failed as that it had begun to show signs of that creeping paralysis which sooner or later seems to overtake all Irish movements that are not mainly material. Historically it is no doubt a fact that a language, even when on its death bed, can be revived, and that, when revived, it may become the most potent of all agencies in the building up of nationality. But are the Irish the people for any such feat of endurance as this? A little over a hundred years ago Gaelic was spoken up to the gates of Dublin; it is now little more than a fugitive dialect of the barren and backward west; to make it once more the language of debate, of instruction, of command and of everyday intercourse, will be a prodigious adventure. Yet unquestionably it will be essayed.

With their usual charming habit of never being to blame for anything, the Irish have tried to throw the blame for the decline of their old national language upon the broad British shoulders. But it is impossible to stamp out a language which the people who speak it are determined to keep alive. It was not England that suppressed Gaelic; it was Gaelic that weakened and withered under the social and ecclesiastical stigma imposed by the Irish themselves. Undoubtedly its oblivion has done something to disintegrate the spirit of Irish nationality. Undoubtedly also its revival, if it could be revived effectually, would mean an Ireland remade. At present a short but sufficient answer to the claims of the Irish to possess the attributes of a genuine nationality is that within the past hundred years they have voluntarily taken an alien stamp and become almost wholly Anglicised.

"No language, no nation," says the Dutch proverb; and it is true that a common speech spreads its roots far down into the complex psychology of nationhood. Some of the most interesting examples of national resurrection in modern Europe have had their source in the revival of local dialects. The researches and enthusiasm of a few philologists at the end of the eighteenth century started the movement that culminated in Hungarian

independence. The Czechs in Bohemia only became a solid political power when they discarded German and regained possession of their native tongue. The same impulse of national regeneration, fed from the same springs, has thrilled in turn the Poles and the Finns. The Dutch proverb ought not, however, to be taken too literally. Switzerland, for instance, is unquestionably and in every sense a nation, although three official languages are allowed in the Parliament of Berne, and not less than five have been known to crop up in the excitement of debate. But as a rule it remains true that few influences are more subtle, more moulding, more separative in their effects, or harder to shake off, than the influences of language; and a people which has once forgone and then recaptured the use of its own tongue is raised insensibly to a higher pitch of self-consciousness and virility. There may even be hope for the Koreans now that the missionaries, after four hundred years of disuse, are reviving the Korean language.

By all means let the Irish, if they can, resurrect Gaelic and become a mainly bilingual people. The Catholic prelates of Austria, in council assembled, once declared that "all differences of language were the consequence of sin and the fall of man," and as such, presumably, could not be put a stop to too soon. Whether that be good theology or not, many Governments have convinced themselves that it is good politics. Only last week the Education Section of the British Association received the report of a committee it had appointed "to inquire into the practicability of an international auxiliary language." The inquiry, as it turned out, had not led to much. The committee found that Latin was too difficult, that jealousy would prevent the adoption of any modern language, and that an invented language, like Esperanto or Ido, would best serve the purpose they had in view. The notion which started them on this ridiculous investigation was apparently that better means of communication between nation and nation would make for increased mutual knowledge and so for peace and understanding. But such a fantasy would hardly stand a moment's examination at the bar of history. It is not from ignorance but from a sufficiency or overplus of knowledge that nations dislike one another; they know one another too well to be other than unsympathetic; and a world in which every single human being was made intelligible to every other would be a world given over to snarling antipathies and revulsions.

In language, as in every other form of expression, our sympathies are all on the side of variety, differentiation, and the play of natural instincts and genius. That is the policy that has always been followed in Great Britain and throughout the Empire. We have made the preservation of the tongues of such alien white peoples as we govern one of the principles of Imperial rule, and we have carried it far. Only a few years ago, for instance, a British subject in the nominally British Colony of Malta was tried in Italian, his evidence was translated into Italian, his lawyer pleaded in Italian, and the verdict for or against him was delivered in Italian. In Canada, strongly against the advice of Lord Durham, and in South Africa, we have adopted the same policy of fostering a plurality of tongues; and so far, in spite of obvious drawbacks and inconveniences, time has justified it. But it is worth noting that it is not the policy of any other Imperial Power. Most governing States treat the languages of the minority much as the Boers treated the French patois of the Huguenots and the Russians Finnish. Alone of the leading nations we make no official attempt to propagate, or insure the supremacy of our own language in our own dominions. No obstacle therefore will be placed by us in the way of the Irish adopting Gaelic as their official tongue. The question whether its adoption will be anything more than formal and whether its chance of becoming the spoken and written language of the people will be thereby improved, is a question at bottom of the Irish character.



## MOROCCO THAT WAS

BY R. B. CUNNINGHAME-GRAHAM

**E**ITHER in 1890 or 1891 I first met Mr. Walter Harris at Wazan. The late Bibi Carleton—so well-known to all English-speaking travellers in Morocco—and I were encamped during a spell of rain in a ruinous pavilion (kouba) in a garden, lent to us by the Sherif. Seated upon our camp beds, we were drinking Moorish tea and smoking, listening to our horses munching their corn and to the rain-drops falling on a cracked stucco fountain, long since dried up, and over-grown with moss. Suddenly a young man walked in, dressed in Moorish clothes, and carrying in his hands a highly ornamented Belgian double-barrelled gun. After him came two greyhounds, their fetlocks dyed with henna in the Arab style.

One of our men said "Hâris." This was my introduction to the writer of this book.\*

There are many ways in which to write about a country. One is never to go there, but to get all the facts, the figures and all those details that obscure a book and make it unreadable, from the British Museum. Then with an index, a map, and a list of works consulted, a book can be turned out that the reviewers are pretty sure to praise, for it contains nothing they do not know themselves. The second way is to go to the country and look at it, as if it were a picture palace, and all the "natives," camels, fleas, bugs, palm trees, and the other properties, part of a great show. The writer usually goes upon a shooting expedition for a week or two, shoots what he can, complains of heat and cold and dust and want of things that he has been accustomed to enjoy. Then your slight joke introduced now and then, that of course need not be original; some figures from a consular report, about the price of beans, tobacco, grain, or copra, and the thing is done. The traveller, of course, may be of hardy breed, and quite disdain all inconvenience. He may be religious, and regret that the people of the place continue in the faith that they were born in. All is the same; in the last chapter comes the table of the price of beans, and tobacco, grain, tea, coffee, and sugar, but not omitting copra, for it adorns a traveller's page almost as much as *Bêche de Mer* itself, *Sorghum*, or *pândanus*.

Some travellers, especially to the South Seas, relate their amourettes. These probably are true, for nature, that as a general rule protects the traveller at home from the white woman's wiles by lack of mental and of physical attractions, possibly owes him some little compensation with his black sisters in the Lord.

There is a third way to write books about a country, (possibly many others I have no knowledge of); that is, to live in it, to learn the language and try to comprehend the people. I admit at once that this is irksome and takes time, but leaving out of sight such few rare instances as Loti, or as Maupassant, who in a week or two divine a country through the eyes of genius, and make it ours forever, it is the only way. There are so few who choose the only way, preferring (that is the majority) to try and find out as it were some dull, clandestine, fools-path, that leads them straight to mediocrity.

"Hâris," from the days when, as a youth just fresh from Harrow, he first saw Tangier, and heard it called the cunningest place on earth by an American young lady, whose head reclined upon his shoulder (perhaps it was upon the shoulders of the dragoman) as she endured the agonies that travellers in those days used to endure aboard the *Hercules* and *Léon Belge*, has made his home amongst the Moors. Speaking the language in perfection as he does, and known to everyone, from the two deposed and fallen Sultans, to the "mesquin" who drives his donkey to the beach loaded with eggshells and with orange peel

and offal of all kinds, no one can speak with more authority than he.

In the days that he speaks of, "Anch' 'io fù pittore," that is I accompanied him on many journeys and was at Fez during a number of the scenes that he describes. I too was present when he had the conversation he relates with his Shereefian majesty, Mulai Abd-el-Aziz (p. 101) and if my memory does not play me false what Harris said was less didactic than as now told, but then I rode a chestnut devil at the time, that stood more frequently on two legs than on four and screamed perpetually. I thought the author's speech to his Shereefian majesty Mulai Abd-el-Aziz was wittier than he relates; but let that pass, for wit and good advice both have their uses, though they so seldom are contained in the same bag.

The Morocco Mr. Harris writes of has, as his title tells us, disappeared into the past. Gone are the cruel Kuids who kept their dungeons always full of prisoners. The Sultans who played upon the piano in the rain by river-banks, and drove, in scarlet hansom cabs, pulled by a horse that had never been in harness, and with the author seated on the driving box, have gone into the limbo that contains themselves and hansom cabs. The wild old life has vanished with its tribal fights and cattle raids. Roads cross the country where once existed nothing but trails, only fit for partridges. The Barbs high on the leg, with tails that swept the ground and manes that fell down to the knee, looking out through their green silk bridles, with the fringe that almost covered up their eyes, no doubt have been replaced by bob-tailed hackneys, and their quondam owners drive Ford cars. Much has been gained, and not a little lost, in the great stride the Moors have made towards progress, and all that kind of thing.

Most of the towns have telegraphs and telephones, and in them Moorish women walk unveiled, the daughters of the shameless; but with long petticoats. Those who have seen the country lately seem to be struck with the strange mixture of material advance in civilisation, and of barbarism. As to the spiritual effect of the great change, the author leaves us a little in the dark. He could have told us whether the Moors appreciate the real advantages of the transformation imposed upon them. None knows the people better than himself, and so one would have liked one or two pages in the book that did not deal exclusively with roads and telegraphs, but told us something of the new mentality that performance has sprung up in the land.

For instance, do the Moors appreciate the fact that justice is not bought and sold unblushingly?

Do they see that the French, in trying to preserve their ancient buildings, are rendering them a service, or do they think it but another form of tyranny designed to keep them out of the enjoyment of modern Munich art? Do they begin to look upon their women as reasonable creatures, or still regard them in the way they used to, midway between the animals and man? These are the real sorts of things without which progress becomes in Eastern lands but the mere tinkling of a cracked telephone, or a long stare when a Ford car rattles and jingles past upon the road.

It is not just, however, to complain about that which a book does not contain, when it is packed with information from title page to the last colophon, as is the present work.

Those who have any wish to learn what the last untouched country within easy reach of Charing Cross looked like, but five and twenty years ago, will be more than satisfied. No writer but the author has had so intimate an acquaintance with the celebrated El Raisuli, and few, after his own experiences as a prisoner with that patriot, or brigand (*car l'un est l'autre se disent*) could write about him so dispassionately. The writer's capture and imprisonment read like a chapter from the 'Arabian Nights.' Still, I remember that in Tangier we looked on it as quite an ordinary occurrence, though no doubt disagreeable for the principal. The whole strange evolution of a country

\**Morocco that Was*. By Walter B. Harris. Blackwood & Sons. Edinburgh. 1921.



passes through the writer's pages perfectly naturally, and living as he does right in the middle of it, he perhaps does not get quite as clear a view of it as those who look at it with the detachment that only distance gives.

The whole book is a record of a step in the evolution of a people, seen from a sympathetic point of view. At present all seems fair, but all such steps bring with them new ideas, new aspirations, and ambitions; and one is liberty. A time will come, when in Morocco as in Egypt, the Moors will say, "Now we can walk alone," for it is natural to any race of men to chafe at tutelage.

Written without any pretension, in an easy style, the book makes pleasant reading, carries conviction that the writer knows his subject, and is put down with regret. The photographs are excellent, especially one that faces page 194. It shows a tribe of Berbers on the march, upon an Atlas Trail. I well remember them exactly as they are depicted; picturesque, but not too pleasant to encounter in their own native wilds. Now they are changed and progress is certain to have arrayed them all in cast-off European garments, and when they meet a Frenchman they very probably grin, and mumble, "Bon Chor Mossi." They must look somewhat in their changed conditions and new clothes, like Dan'l Whiddon, Peter Gurney, Harry Hawke, Uncle Tom Cobby, and all the other worthies of the immortal song.

#### SHAKESPEARE AS TEACHER AND RECONCILER

By FRANK HARRIS

THE other day a friend sent me some extracts from the letters of William James, which are expressive of that thinker's attitude towards Shakespeare. James's opinions have a certain interest apart from his personality, because they give us what I may call the New England view of Shakespeare. Here are the passages:

"The trouble with Shakespeare was his intolerable fluency. He improvised so easily that it kept down his level. It is hard to see how the man that wrote his best things could possibly have let himself do ranting bombast and complication on such a large scale elsewhere. 'Tis mighty fun to read him through in order."

"Shakespeare seems to me to have been a professional amuser, in the first instance, with a productivity like that of a Dumas, or a Scribe; but possessing what no other amuser has possessed, a lyric splendor added to his rhetorical fluency, which has made people take him for a more essentially serious human being than he was. Neurotically and erotically, he was hyperæsthetic, with a playful graciousness of character never surpassed. He could be profoundly melancholy; but even then was controlled by the audience's needs."

"A cork in the rapids, with no ballast of his own, without religious or ethical ideals, accepting uncritically every theatrical and social convention, he was simply an æolian harp passively resounding to the stage's call."

This view of Shakespeare is manifestly Emerson's with all Emerson's dull misapprehensions exaggerated; probably indeed James got the idea from Emerson, who was the first to accuse Shakespeare of a want of high seriousness. "It must even go into the world's history," he says, "that the best poet led an obscure and profane life, using his genius for the public amusement." And in order that no one shall be in doubt as to his meaning, he adds: "The world still wants its poet-priest, a reconciler . . . who shall see, speak, and act with equal inspiration."

Now the Englishman who does not improve the occasion, who is not moralist and preacher, is as rare as the Frenchman who is not an actor. I have said already: "the palmary peculiarity of Shakespeare's intellect is that it always stands for morality—even for conventional morality—for the rule and not for the exception. He regards virginity as the priceless jewel of a girl: intimacy even in those about to be married is a sad and terrible mistake: lust is "an expense of spirit in a

waste of shame"; seduction a crime; he is English to the heart. It would be easy to prove that after the catastrophe of his life recounted in the Sonnets, Shakespeare moralizes almost every incident.

Take the scene in 'Twelfth Night,' when the clown has sung his sad song to Death. The Duke evidently hands him his purse:

DUKE: There's for thy pains.

CLOWN: No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

DUKE: I'll pay thy pleasure then.

CLOWN: Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

—the moral warning brought in rather cleverly. Or take the famous scene in 'Hamlet,' written a year or two later, in which Prince Hamlet begs the Lord Chamberlain, Polonius, to take good care of the players:

HAM.: Good, my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are abstracts and brief chronicles of the time; after your death you were better to have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.

POL.: My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

HAM.: God's bodikins, man, much better; use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity; the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty.

Now it's manifest that here Shakespeare is thinking of himself. Players are not "abstracts and brief chronicles of the time," though playwrights are; but what I want to draw attention to is that Shakespeare will teach a lesson of high courtesy even to the Lord Chamberlain and immediately afterwards he gives another lesson to the players, knowing their habitual fault, the fault of all inferior castes. Hamlet says to the First Player:

HAM: Follow that lord; and look you mock him not.

[Exit First Player.]

Now courtesy may not seem a high virtue to the Jameses; but to Shakespeare in an aristocratic society it was the outward and visible sign of inward and spiritual grace, and he had manifestly studied every phase of it. Consider too, that these are not chance moralizings; they are preachments having nothing to do with the story, hemming and retarding the action indeed, faults in dramatic construction which Shakespeare according to James was alone interested in.

I could multiply such instances of Shakespeare's moralizing; but hope that all good readers will derive pleasure from adding to the list. What I wish to do here is to show that Shakespeare time and again rises to the height of the argument and if he seldom justifies the ways of God to men, he is intent on teaching men how to live and act. He is often praised and often reproached for the scene in which he scourges Jack Cade and shows that reformer as a vulgar demagogue! But the passage belongs to his earliest work, and should not be thought characteristic of the great writer; at least it should not be quoted as proving the mature Shakespeare's lack of sympathy with the poor, for in more than one passage he expresses passionate pity for their "loop'd and window'd raggedness." And on one occasion at least he gives us his philosophy of society in words I should like to write in letters of pure gold at the beginning of our infamous Bankruptcy Act. In Cymbeline, a very late drama, Posthumus (an incarnation and mouth-piece of Shakespeare himself) when in prison in Britain soliloquizes and talks of liberty and death and at length, addressing the Gods, says:

I know you are more clement than vile men,  
Who of their broken debtors take a third,  
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again  
On their abatement: that's not my desire.

All those who read Shakespeare with true sympathy will feel in this "third," "sixth," "tenth," considered condemnation. What would he have said of our law which not only takes all but seeks to enslave the unhappy bankrupt to boot, robbing him of the future and hope?

It is possible to go even higher and still find Shake-

speare as a teacher and guide to men. The deepest word in the Sermon on the Mount has been accepted indeed with lip-service, but never rationalized:

But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.

Burns, I believe, talks about "nursing one's wrath to keep it warm," but Shakespeare is intent on proving that this is dangerous. He finds the true reason for loving one's enemies, the all-compelling reason—you must love your enemies for your own health's sake.

Everyone should remember the great scene in 'Timon of Athens' in which Alcibiades pleads before the senate—

For pity is the virtue of the law,

and how the First Senator answering him falls wholly out of character and takes Shakespeare's own nature in order to demonstrate the worth of the highest teaching of Jesus:

He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer  
The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs  
His outsides, to wear them like his raiment, carelessly,  
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,  
To bring it into danger.

It is surely Shakespeare himself and not a Senator who speaks here—Shakespeare, who has complained of calumny bitterly a hundred times and notably in 'Hamlet,' Shakespeare, who asserts that it takes high courage to support the infamy of the insults that the inferior always lavishes on his betters. But mark the point and weight of the last lines: to nurse anger, Shakespeare tells us, is to "prefer our injuries to our heart, to bring it into danger."

He knew as well as Vauvenargues, and centuries earlier, that "all great thoughts come from the heart"; that it is by the heart we grow, and whoever nourishes hatred or anger really prefers his injuries to his soul's well being. This is the one important addition in twenty centuries to our treasury of moral truths. Yet the majority of the commentators would persuade us that this highest reach of human thought was due to "another" and not to Shakespeare.

It is a source of perpetual wonderment to me how all the commentators and critics have missed and misunderstood Shakespeare. He is the author of the finest phrases in English, phrases that for sheer spirit-sweetness can only be compared with those of Jesus; and yet men of some sense can talk of him as "a cork in the rapids, with no ballast of his own, without religious or ethical ideals," just as if the highest wisdom could be reached without effort or purpose. Nearly all great men have had some vague sense of Providence, a guiding impulse in the chaos of accidents; in Jesus it was a faith, as in Mahomet: Napoleon, too, believed in his star, but no one ever found an adequate expression for the belief till Shakespeare came:

There's a divinity that shapes our ends  
Rough-hew them as we will.

Then think of his perpetual questioning of sense and outward things, his doubtings and disbelief:

The undiscover'd country from whose bourn  
No traveller returns.

And the magical word that clothes our thought so imperially:

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

And then the scientific:

Men must endure  
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:  
Ripeness is all . . . . .

And finally the pathetic, honest word that to me holds all the sad-sweetness that makes our Shakespeare what he was:

a man  
More sinn'd against than sinning.

## THE HAUNT OF THE EVEJAR

RETURNING from inland fields, three gulls with tranquil evening flight passed over the hill towards the headland lying far out into the grey sea like a sombre beast at rest. A sheep path wound irregularly over the hill, amongst the heather and the uncurling brakeferns. From this high solitude the western ocean was seen afar, until it met the clouded heaven. A subdued roar, a growling undercurrent of sound, floated up the hillside, although the sea was calm. Night and day, for thousands of years, the same ceaseless mutter of the shifting tides upon the sands, the same pounding of the headland as the tons of grey-green water slid over the rocks and into its hidden caverns.

A small wind moved the heather, and shook a dog-violet with its face turned to the westering sun. It was the tail of the sea-breeze. The air over the fields was cold, and soon it would move down to the sands to explore the darkling sea still warm with the fervour of the sunbeams. A late bee droned among the birds-foot trefoil on the pathway, eager to gather more honey for the winter. The yellow flowers grew low down, and some were stained with deep tawny orange as though Antares, the dull red star of summer, had joined its blessing of colour with the greatest gift of beauty and life bestowed by the sun. Near them grew the germander speedwell, also lowly (for the salt winds that sweep the hill care nothing for the humble things of the earth) their sweet blue eyes turned in wonder to the great flower of the sky. A lark with crest upraised trilled upon a hummock of mould thrown up by a rabbit—her nest was somewhere near, hidden in a tuft of matted grasses. The bee left the trefoil, and droned away down the hill. A blackbird sang in the valley below, where gorse, blackthorn, bramble, and stunted holly choked an ancient waterway between the steep hills. It was evening, and he chanted his vespertine hymn to the departing splendour. Alone sang the sable artist, serene on a twig of blackthorn, having no illusions about life, fretted by no unnecessary labour or research, for ever happy in the sunshine or sleeping restfully as the stars swept above the lonely valley.

Over the sea a golden beam of light trailed from a cloud and lit the grey waters. The massed vapours opened and other beams cast their gilt on the waves. A full rigged sailing ship, vague in the distance, entered the sacred gleam and became a barque of glory passing into the unknown. Nearer the shore, where the white lines of surf crept up the sands, a silver glitter danced and threw a million sunpoints for the mind to dream upon—as though an Immortal had flung the Golden Fleece for mortal eyes to see. Slowly the sun sunk seawards; the beams were dulled; the ship became once more a drab wanderer on its human mission; a wild plaint came down from heaven. With dark wings motionless, a buzzard sailed circlewise, although the hour of hunting was over. Higher and higher the great bird soared, controlling the winds of heaven. In his mastery of the air he joyed, as though desiring to outsoar the stars that soon would glimmer over a quiet world. Below on the flats a flock of ring-plover ran to their feeding; their nests were among the pebbles and bleached seaweed near the dunes crowned with spiked grass. Although unseen, their presence was known by the sweetness of their call-notes.

Like a copper shield heated to a crimson glow was the sun behind the vapours when a fume of vague light appeared over the hills to eastward. More sinister grew the outline of the headland, a beast replete and resting its shaggy head on sea-laved paws. No gulls drifted to their nocturnal roosting; the buzzard had plunged into the hidden pinewood to his eyrie. Here a vast collection of sticks, rabbits' bones, rats' tails, beetle-skins and skulls of voles, carried there during a score of years, and resting in a fir, supported his brooding mate and her three blotched eggs.

The rim of the moon appeared, touching the hills and the trees with tarnished silver. Slowly it swam into the sky, spreading a fumed lustre as it shed its dross along the mists. An owl called in quavering plaint, a blackcap warbler, yearning, maybe, for the nightingale, who never comes to Devon, sung its plaintive notes in a withered hawthorn. Then with clattering wings an evejar rose from the patch of swaled gorse; the creamy marks on its wings and tail were visible in the confluence of light from the gates of heaven—the flood of the moon's white fires and the lingering afterglow over the Atlantic. In anguish at the violation of its hymeneal sanctities the skep-swallow returned and wheeled, beating its wings together. No sound disturbed the silence, no movement stirred the bracken; only a mouse nestled in the dried brambles, only a chafer beetle, booming through the dusk, sought a dewdrop on a leaf of foxglove. The birds, wedded for all time, returned together and settled on the ground. Then the male bird mounted a stump of gorse, crouched low, and poured forth a jarring, reeling song. Like the risp of a grasshopper it came, like a bubbling of reedy notes through water, like a crowstarver's clappers heard afar. Against the moon, now a white maiden free of earthly thrall, the evejar sang his song, whispering huskily during the pause of his ecstasies. Sometimes he waited for the shy answer of his love—she who had journeyed over alien wastes with him to the remembered valley-side of heather. Soft was her rapturous murmur in the summer night, a gentle reassurance of faith and hope, while the stars shone in the sky above them. Like spun and argent coins, the moths went down to the dew-sweetened flowers. Only a reverent watcher and the pure face of the moon saw their espousal.

#### THE OUTLOOK IN MUSIC

WE stand upon the threshold of a musical season fraught not merely with interest, but with possibilities of serious consequence to the future of the art in this country. There extends before us a prospect of extraordinary activity, of restless, pushing enterprise which, in one direction at least—that of concert-giving—strikes us as being rather more heterogeneous, more torrential than usual. To judge by the universal anxiety of institutions and individuals to be once more “in the running,” one would imagine that the disastrous experiences of last year were already forgotten—the failure upon failure, the loss upon loss, the one knock-down blow after another. What lessons were learnt from these experiences it yet remains to be seen. For the moment the salient fact to be noted is that the three principal West End concert halls are even now almost completely booked up for the first half of the season. Scarcely a single vacant date is available from mid-October until Christmas.

But concert-givers of all degrees are many, and they provide much music that we do not need, together with some that we should be better without. These enterprising folk betray a natural tendency to satisfy the prevalent craving for the abnormal; they help to encourage the public appetite for the weird dishes upon which that appetite has grown. The supply of up-to-date Russian music, of futurist French music, and, for that matter, of latter-day British music, has, as we are aware, been sadly overdone. As was pointed out in these columns last week, however, there are signs of a growing reaction in favour of the classical models, and, to a certain extent, of the classical masterpieces themselves. As an illustration of this take the current series of Promenade Concerts. The programmes, compared with last year's, are more representative of all schools and all periods; they indicate a saner and more normal taste as well as a more fitting regard for the educative side of things. The response has been just what one would expect—a larger average attendance, and, as a rule, discriminating applause in place of the noisy outbursts of artificial enthusiasm for novelties

that the audience has neither understood nor desired to hear again. In a word, Sir Henry Wood has been giving his public what a writer on last week's Hereford Festival, referring to one of the orchestral programmes, happily described as “more music than noise.” That is it precisely. We get, generally speaking, too much noise and too little music: the eternal “music of the future,” so-called, in place of music for the present and for all time.

But is there in reality such a thing as “the music of the future”? Assuredly not, in the sense in which that term was first used to proclaim the exalted destiny in store for the works of Richard Wagner. It is accounted a cardinal sin to the obstinate English critics of fifty years ago that they, being steeped in other ideas and traditions, refused to associate the high-sounding new phrase with the music of the Bayreuth master. Even the two or three who recognised the extraordinary nature and quality of his genius declined to follow the German lead in this direction. Well, so far their instinct was right. Half a century has not sufficed to demonstrate the truth of the expression “music of the future” in its application to Wagner; indeed, there are already plenty of clever people bold enough to declare that he is now *vieux jeu*. Why, then, take such pains to convince the world that the unlovely and unlovable product of the musical demi-gods of to-day will constitute the celestial harmonies of the ages to come? It will do nothing of the kind. The Stravinskys and Prokofieffs, the French Six, *et hoc genus omne* are obviously no more than passing figures, mere episodes, in the various phases of development that the art of music is traversing at the present time.

For ugliness and pointless exaggeration we have no liking. On the other hand, we shall continue to welcome all evidence of progress along legitimate lines in such new productions, both native and foreign, as the coming season may have in store. These need not, of course, be looked for beyond the domains of orchestral and chamber music and the ballet, whose exceeding popularity has nearly driven everything else out of the field. Oratorio in London is practically restricted to the labours of the Royal Choral Society. Worse still, opera is without so much as a *pied à terre*, much less a permanent home, in a city where, of all places in the world, it should have its temple, its high-priest, its vast and expectant congregation. Nevertheless we refuse to believe that either is suffering from a mortal complaint. The example of the Three Choirs is sufficient proof that provincial Festivals are not yet dead in this land *par excellence* of choral singers; the art of interpreting oratorio may have deteriorated, but it is not yet lost.

Opera in the metropolis has had the worst of luck. It has been mismanaged ever since it lost Sir Augustus Harris; while the chances of artistic regeneration, coupled with the building up of an enduring national home for the lyric drama, temporarily disappeared with the *débâcle* of Sir Thomas Beecham's affairs. There is, however, some prospect that it may shortly be resuscitated by the newly-formed British National Opera Company; at the same time preparations are being made for an autumn season at Covent Garden that is to be the most ambitious given here by the Carl Rosa Company for many years. There should be room for both enterprises. As to the achievement of the final great purpose—opera on the grand scale, sung in the native tongue, worthily performed and adequately supported—other considerations necessarily arise and much more spade-work requires to be done. The problem is how best to provide the material and the means for the accomplishment of this purpose.

The trouble with music generally to-day is that it gives rise to over-production and excessive competition. There is too much music of the sort that cultured ears would rather not listen to; and unfortunately that is the sort which pays the best. There are too many publishers printing and bringing out unqualified rubbish, which most of them help to popularise by sub-



sidising the artists who perform it. There are too many publishers of another type, who devote their business energies to the dissemination of "futurist" music and the propagandist-literature that imparts to it some of its transient vitality. The ballad-mongers prosper even more than of yore; while the musical "cubists" employ identical methods for the profitable disposal of their wares. And finally, there are far too many second-rate professional musicians striving in various ways to earn a living in this overgrown capital, above all, of the class commonly described as "vocalists." For them, as fellow-beings, we feel the sincerest sympathy; but, alas, their influence upon the art which they profess is not benign. One hears any quantity of brilliant pianists and talented violinists, whereas a beautiful singer has become a *rara avis* indeed.

#### AN ADAPTATION AT THE COMEDY

By CICELY HAMILTON

**T**HE *Love Thief* at the Comedy had a rousing welcome. I lost count of the curtains on the final act, there were insistent demands for a speech from Mr. McKinnel and no visible or audible sign of dissent from the general enthusiastic verdict. If first night approval is any indication, the Comedy management has scored a success with Mr. C. B. Fernald's adaptation of Benelli's *La Cena delle Beffe*.

First night approval was none the less hearty because the piece has suffered considerably by removal from its native atmosphere. I have neither seen nor read the original; but, even in its present form, *The Love Thief* indicates not only a flamboyant type of acting that is rare on the London stage, but an understanding of that open worship of physical perfection which was characteristic of the splendid cities of Italy. The moral and æsthetic values of Lorenzo's Florence were not the moral and æsthetic values of an age democratic and trousered; it was more dreadful to be a weakling in the days of Lorenzo than it is to be a weakling to-day, for the simple reason that greater adoration was lavished upon beauty and strength. If any doubt it, let him recall the story of Perugia delivered, by his death in a quarrel, from a youth whose blood-feuds had terrorized her citizens; because the dead cut-throat was surpassingly beautiful, his body was laid on the steps of a church—so that those who had hated and feared him living, might draw near and marvel at perfection of feature and limb.

Given understanding of that mental attitude towards physical strength and physical beauty, the conflict between Neri and Giannetto in *The Love Thief*, becomes more than a struggle between cunning and brute force for the possession of a light-minded woman; Neri, the amorous bully, is nature's aristocrat, Giannetto, the poet, one of nature's disinherited, who, even while he hates his tyrant, desires, of all things, to resemble him. At the Comedy, it seemed to me, understanding was not given, and the play, in consequence, lost much of its significance and atmosphere. Neri was just a wild bull of a man, and even as a wild bull of a man I did not find him quite convincing; perhaps it is difficult for Mr. McKinnel to divest himself wholly of that suggestion of underlying gruff good-nature which is one of his assets on the stage.

An added difficulty is the fact that the part demands the swagger, the consciousness of being irresistible, of the man of many fleeting loves; and it would appear to be next door to impossible for an actor with Anglo-Saxon blood in him to swagger convincingly concerning good fortune with women. The racial manner is against the feat, and speeches in the vein of a Richelieu or Don Juan should be left to the French or Italian stage—since it is only the Latin who can boast of his loves without awkwardness. It is noteworthy in this connection that the supreme libertine of the English stage is Captain Macheath, whose method is not open boasting but humorous lament for his triumphs. Yet it is this open swagger of the successful lover—achieved

in all probability, by the Italian actor who created Neri—that is one of the mainsprings of *The Love Thief*; a dominant, hateful, overpowering fact which provokes the weakling to revenge.

Mr. Ernest Thesiger as the weakling, the poet, seemed conscious at moments of the resounding bombast of his lines; be it noted sympathetically that, if this was so, there is much to be said in his excuse. And I fancy that the spirit of romantic love-making eluded him like the spirit of feverish, half-fearful triumph which should have marked the avowal that he, the coward, had outwitted the tyrant and crept in the dark to the arms of his rival's mistress. The one part that stood out as rightly conceived and aloof from modernity was Miss Cathleen Nesbitt's Ginevra; I have an idea that if the bravo had been more brutal, the poet more passionately poetic, Miss Nesbitt, able to let herself go, would have risen to something that resembled a great performance. It depressed me, therefore, to notice that the enthusiastic pit behind me was hardly more appreciative of Miss Nesbitt than of the three young ladies who were doing their best in the dungeon scene.

There was an odd lapse in the scene of Neri's capture; the bully who had just put a score of men to flight was bowled over by a rush of two. For an experienced fighting man Neri's tactics were singularly ineffective; even a woman who has never done any fisticuffs on her own can see that a man attacked on both sides should not stand in the middle of the room so that his assailants can get round his guard and jump on him; he should back against a wall and stand at bay. Feminine advice on military tactics does not, I know, carry much weight; but I think in this matter my views will be found to correspond with orthodox military teaching on the subject of interior lines.

I have seen it stated in print that the dialogue of *The Love Thief* is written in blank verse and I had a suspicion that, here and there, the speeches were cut into lengths. At the same time I should not like to express a definite opinion on the subject—and, any way, it does not greatly matter. Whether with prose or whether with verse, the audience was mightily satisfied.

## Correspondence

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION—I.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT)

**T**HE function of the British Association is the promotion of science in the broadest sense. It is a useful institution in so far as it stands between the learned society and the intelligent man, and since it was founded in 1831 it has successfully kept its main function in view. It fans into flame a local interest by focussing its meetings at different centres throughout the Kingdom and the Empire. Once every ten years its members meet overseas. This year's meeting is being held at Edinburgh and has attracted almost a record in membership, nearly 3,000 having been drawn to the Scottish capital. Even scientists find it agreeable, once in a way, to be awakened in the morning by the strains of the bagpipes; it is pleasant to meet old friends and exchange experiences; and an evening walk to Arthur's Seat and Holyrood, or a motor run to see the Forth Bridge, make a pleasant change from merely intellectual pursuits. The British Association holds its meetings at a time when the public are holiday making or comparatively unoccupied, and by the aid of the press, amplifying the waves of speech from the lecture rooms in Edinburgh in the manner of a thermionic valve, spreads broadcast the advances in scientific discovery to those who would attune their ears. To the scientist it provides that opportunity for social intercourse and unity of feeling which a monastic seclusion during the greater part of the year does not allow. Important original observations are seldom presented at these meetings—they are usually communicated to the learned societies

in London where the more specialised character of the meeting allows them to be stripped bare by the X-rays of discussion.

An effort in the right direction has been made at this year's meeting—an effort to preserve the essential unity of purpose of science. All science comes from the great search after truth, as we were reminded by Sir Oliver Lodge at his first Citizen's Lecture at Edinburgh. Einstein may find the universe limited in space in its lateral dimensions, but the extension in time just breaks down the finality. Science knew no beginning and recognised no boundary; it is all-embracing in its scope, in the realm of natural phenomena. So we find the British Association programme rambling over subject matter from giants to molecules. But science has reached that stage in its history when a scientist must apply himself to a particular branch of science; to a narrow specialisation where the ultimate aim of science is lost. At the time of writing this, a joint discussion is taking place among four of the thirteen specialised sections of the British Association: physicists, geologists, zoologists and botanists are meeting under the presidency of Lord Rayleigh to discuss the age of the earth. The physicists and chemists have met earlier in the meeting to discuss jointly the structure of molecules; the chemists and physiologists have discussed the chemistry of the human body. Arguments thrown out at a different angle have generally blended into a harmonious and comprehensive whole, with sometimes a rapprochement of ground between two conflicting ideas. Much of real value will accrue from these joint discussions which have, without exception, been well attended.

The scientist looks ahead to the last ton of coal and the last gallon of oil. Imagination is as necessary a part in science as the careful recording of the smallest contribution to the complex structure; guided imagination is research; and research is the *life-stream* of science. Science can only develop by research. Our Universities are devoted to it, a Government department mothers it, and in a smaller way the British Association adds its share of practical encouragement. Small annual grants are made to its sub-committees engaged in furthering research from the payments received from members attending the annual meeting.

But what is the average citizen's attitude towards the British Association; how does he regard the march of science? To the business man the industrial application will appeal. He will derive pleasure and profit from discussions on the use of Scottish timber for aeroplanes and pit-props; or from a consideration of the principles on which wages are determined. It may be true to say that the average man is only interested in science to the extent of liberating atomic energy, and dreams of a life in which the collected forces of nature are all controlled for man's ready use. Yet one would not have gained that impression from the Citizen's lectures which have been delivered at Edinburgh. Nearly 3,000 citizens listened with close attention to Sir Oliver Lodge when he spoke on 'Speech through the Ether,' and again to Professor Dendy's lecture on the 'Stream of Life.' Science needs its exponents as well as its champions. Unfortunately it is because scientists have not developed the power of clear exposition that they are often misjudged and mis-understood.

#### TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW IN THE NEW BALTIC STATES

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT)

**B**EFORE the war the British connexion with the Baltic was close and intimate, because of the very considerable importance of the Baltic trade to the United Kingdom. The centre of that trade was

Riga, and the greatness of this port was indicated by the fact that in 1913 its exports and imports, a large proportion of which was British, were valued at some seventy millions sterling. A certain part of this trade was local—that is, with what were then known as the Baltic Provinces of Russia. But most of it by far was "traffic-in-transit" to and from the interior of Central Russia and Siberia. Under its swelling impulse Riga in a few years grew into a splendid city, with a population of upwards of half a million, and was named, not without reason, the Queen of the Baltic. In it, Reval, Narva, and other towns in this area there were many flourishing cotton mills and factories of various kinds, not a few of which had enlisted British capital. During the war, however, the Baltic trade fell away practically to nothing, and industrial enterprise came to a standstill. The factories of Riga were gutted, and the city lost more than half of its inhabitants, while large tracts of the country immediately tributary to it were devastated and laid waste. For some time the Armistice brought little relief, for the land was overrun by Bolshevik hordes and by the Germans under von der Goltz and Bermond.

Meanwhile with the Russian Revolution political forces, which for some years previously had been struggling to the surface, made their definite appearance in the shape of two Baltic Nationalist movements, one of which resulted in the establishment, in the north, of the republic of Esthonia, with Reval as its capital, and the other, in the south, of the republic of Latvia or Lettland, with Riga as its capital. In 1919 British naval action against the Bolsheviks helped in the formation of these States, the boundaries of which have since been defined and settled by treaties with Soviet Russia and by agreements between themselves, or by arbitration. With an area of 22,000 square miles and a population of about two millions, Esthonia consists, roughly speaking, of the former Russian province of Esthonia or Estland, including the islands lying off the coast, and of the northern half of Livonia. With much the same number of inhabitants Latvia is rather larger in extent, and comprises South Livonia, Courland, and that portion of the old Russian Government of Vitebsk which is called Latgale or Latgallia. At the beginning of this year the Supreme Council gave *de jure* recognition to the two small States, which are quite rightly termed New Baltic States. Lithuania is generally placed under the same designation, but it differs from the others inasmuch as it is an old mediæval State revived, "resurrected," like Poland; yet as the three States occupy from north to south one continuous, solid block of territory, and have much in common, it is not amiss to bracket them.

Probably because of her controversy with Poland over Vilna, Lithuania has not yet received *de jure* recognition, but she is an organised State just as are Esthonia and Latvia. Of the three, Esthonia is the most advanced politically. Having passed through the Constituent Assembly stage, she has a regularly elected Parliament known as the State Assembly and a fully-equipped Government, the Prime Minister being also the Chief of the republic, with the picturesque title of State Elder. There is now in operation an agrarian law dividing up the big estates of the Baltic Barons and of others, and apportioning them among the landless peasants, who have cultivated successfully this year those which were allotted to them. The Government has also done a good deal of work in opening up and developing the shale-oil mines, which promise to be a source of much wealth, as the area in which the shale is found is fairly extensive, and the oil itself is of the highest quality. Plans have been made for the full utilisation of the Falls of the Narova at Narva; it is estimated that 120,000 h.p. can be obtained as against about 1,000 h.p. now being used. Further, nearly all the transit trade of Soviet Russia—such as it has been—for the last eighteenth months has gone through Reval. In fact, owing to her being freed much sooner than were the two other States from the Bolsheviks and

the Germans, Esthonia is in a better position economically. Latvia is still under a Constituent Assembly, but when she reaches a satisfactory settlement of her agrarian problems, as is expected soon, she will also have a Parliament. In the meantime she is in financial difficulties because of the depression in the timber and other industries and because of the stoppage of the Russian transit trade, but confronting the situation courageously and doing all she can to improve it in various ways. Pending the solution of the Vilna question, Lithuania also has not progressed beyond a Constituent Assembly; she is obsessed by fear of Polish aggression, but otherwise is prosperous.

The three States have now been in existence for three years, and, despite the shadow that hangs over Lithuania, would have good enough prospects of achieving national success before long, were it not for the menace of Soviet Russia which never ceases to make itself felt, especially in Esthonia and Latvia, notwithstanding the existing treaties specifically acknowledging their independence. This menace manifests itself in constant efforts to stir up labour troubles and strikes, in propaganda, and in the attempt to make bad blood between the States by playing one off against the other for the transit trade. With this hostile attitude all Russians, however much they are opposed to the Soviets, are known to sympathise; indeed, some of them declare quite passionately that one of the first things to be done by a reconstituted Russia will be to regain possession of the old Baltic provinces with their access to the sea. This being so, the main preoccupation of these States is defence. They are willing to give Russia every facility as regards railways and ports—to the length even of assigning to her in perpetuity large quayage space in their harbours, but this does not satisfy her. The States therefore understand that they must safeguard themselves against her, and with this in view they are establishing a Baltic League to guarantee their independence. The ideal League would consist of Finland, Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania, and Poland, and this is what is being worked for. Both Finland and Poland are subjected to Bolshevik intrigue and threats, but Finland at present thinks she is safe, as does Poland. Esthonia and Latvia have already come to terms or are about to do so, and Lithuania will join them. Even this small League will go a long way towards giving them peace and security.

## Letters to the Editor

### THE HOME SECRETARY AND MR. WEISZ

[To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW]

SIR,—I hope Mr. Filson Young will not allow his championship of Mr. Weisz to flag. I know nothing about the case apart from his presentation of it. But that presentation is so cogently dispassionate as to compel the suspicion that there has been a grave miscarriage of justice which ought to be set right. Setting things right, however, is no easier in England than anywhere else. If Mr. Filson Young has any doubts on that point, or as to the need of returning to the attack again and again, the Beck case and the Edalji case will quickly resolve them.

The former case will always hold a place in British jurisprudence, because it led to the establishment of the Court of Criminal Appeal. It made it clear that, with the law as it was, a man with all the proofs of innocence in his hands, could yet be debarred by a point of technical procedure from putting them in evidence. But it revealed more than that—much negligence on the part of Scotland Yard, much obdurate stupidity on the part of the Home Office, and a singular lack of correspondence and consultation between the two Departments.

As everybody who was out of his teens in 1904 will remember, the Beck case was one of the most amazing

instances of mistaken identity on record. But my present purpose in recalling it is to remind Mr. Young that Beck, though absolutely innocent, served his full term in prison; that it was two years after sentence had been passed before any of his petitions had the slightest influence on the Home Office; that after his release he spent three years and over £1,000 in trying to clear his name and failed entirely; and that it was only the accident of the real culprit being caught red-handed a few weeks later, that enabled him to establish his innocence. Otherwise he might easily have spent another five or ten years in gaol.

The Edalji case came later and was of a different, and in some respects a more sinister, character. He was arrested in 1903 as the perpetrator of one of a series of outrages on animals that for some months had thrown the district of Great Wyrley in Staffordshire into a panic and that continued to recur after his conviction and imprisonment. He was found guilty on evidence that was not only specious but suggested something more than animus on the part of the police. Immediately after the sentence of seven years was passed, a movement was set on foot to reopen the case. As in the Beck affair, the Home Office remained stolidly pachydermatous. Edalji served three years in prison. Then an excellent series of articles in *Truth* and a pamphlet by Sir A. Conan Doyle (in his best Sherlock Holmes manner) shook officialdom, and he was suddenly released.

It is fortunate that British justice rarely errs. For when it does err it is through that stupidity against which the gods fight in vain. If the Beck and the Edalji cases are sound precedents, it would take about three years to secure Mr. Weisz's release.

Yours, etc.,

BRITANNICUS.

[We understand that Mr. Weisz's sentence expires in November and no doubt the Home Office authorities assume that no one will think it worth while to agitate now. This somewhat cynical point of view ignores, of course, the stigma that will attach to Mr. Weisz if no action is taken.—ED. S.R.]

[To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW]

SIR,—We have read with great interest and approval the article by Mr. Filson Young in your last week's issue on the case of Mr. Norman Weisz. We have known him well for some years and have done large business with him. In all our transactions together we have found him upright and honourable. No doubt whatever exists in our minds that he has been the victim of a conspiracy on the part of a gang of clever scoundrels. To any man of ordinary intelligence and judgment we think this has been conclusively proved by the evidence and the facts concerning Gilbert Marsh and others which have come to light since Mr. Weisz's conviction.

This being so, it is the plain duty of the Home Secretary to admit that a miscarriage of justice has occurred and to take immediate steps to remedy it. We congratulate Mr. Filson Young on his courage in taking up this case in the interests of justice, and you, Sir, on publishing his excellent article.

Yours, etc.,

(Per pro. D. & J. Wellby, Limited)

H. WELLBY.

Garrick Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2.

### "THE ARTS OF WAR AND PEACE"

[To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW]

SIR,—My letter which appeared in your issue of 23rd July, has produced two apologists for Greece, "Pera," who writes from Constantinople, and Captain Butler, who answers from Athens. In replying to their letters it is necessary to remember that the point of my original letter was to enquire what possible reason the



Entente Powers could have for putting Greece in a dominant position in the Near East; a reason cogent enough to outweigh the grave danger of leaving Turkey and Bulgaria each with a national grievance which must inevitably lead to future wars. Had Greece rendered such services to the Entente during the war or had she shown such administrative ability as to override that danger?

It is instructive to observe how geography affects the views of your correspondents: "Pera" in Constantinople has a poor opinion of the Greek; he admits "atrocities" on their part: from the point of view of industry he considers the Greek rather better than the Turk, and as regards honesty thinks there is little to choose. Captain Butler, on the other hand, writing from Athens, and possibly being inspired from Greek sources, can see no fault in the Greeks. Both "Pera" and Captain Butler excuse Greece's aversion to implementing her treaty obligations and helping the Entente, by pointing out the painful experiences of Serbia, Montenegro, Belgium and Roumania as a deterrent. These nations considered their honour as of greater importance than future gain; they rendered services of incalculable value in the war to the Entente, and yet they do not reap anything like the advantages out of the peace which the opportunist Greece does. Why? To mention the fate of these nations hardly appears an argument in favour of the aggrandisement of Greece at the hands of the Entente Powers.

Captain Butler claims knowledge of a secret history which fully justifies the favour shown to Greece under the treaty of Sèvres, but in his preceding paragraph he shows a complete ignorance of historical facts and derides them as "too absurd for serious scrutiny." The building of forts at the entrance to Salonika harbour, with emplacements arranged to fire into the harbour on the Entente shipping, was commenced when the Franco-British force, landed at Salonika, was vastly outnumbered by Greek troops encamped in all the tactically strong positions in the neighbourhood. The forts were discovered from H.M.S. *Ark Royal's* sea-planes and kept under observation during their construction. When the forts were completed and guns mounted, they were surprised at dawn; the Greek gunners were cleared out and the forts occupied by Entente troops. These forts, I have no doubt, still exist. Two are well concealed in the marshes at the mouth of the Vardar and two on Kara Burnu. Aerial photographs of the forts exist and can be produced if required. The project was not so lacking in intelligence as Captain Butler supposes: concealed guns are not easy to knock out by fire from ships. A surprise attack on the shipping at anchor in the harbour (which was not mainly commandeered Greek vessels as Captain Butler asserts), properly co-ordinated with an attack on the Entente troops ashore, might well have been final as far as the Salonika expedition was concerned.

Captain Butler hints darkly that it was France and not Britain which was unpopular with the Greeks. Hostility was shown at Salonika indiscriminately to both. It is obvious that the "history" supplied to Captain Butler in Athens glosses over or ignores facts which Greeks find it difficult to explain. My letter was the first that had been heard of the Salonika incident. What complexion, I wonder, is now put on the massacre of Admiral Fournier's guard in Athens? Or is that also one of the uncomfortable facts which is ignored?

As your leading article "Sanity and the Near East" in your issue of 30th July so ably shows, the only chance of peace throughout the East exists in giving generous terms to Turkey and avoiding anything in the way of a national grievance. That can never be while Greece retains the territory and position accorded to her under the treaty of Sèvres, still less if she is permitted to reap an additional benefit from her present unauthorised war of conquest. There may be a secret history which, as Captain Butler asserts, justifies the

Entente in putting Greece in the position she now holds. If there is, it was known to those who arranged the treaty of Sèvres and there seems no adequate reason for withholding it from those who may be asked to ratify or alter that treaty. Personally I doubt any such history except as edited by Greeks in Athens. It would take much secret service to nullify her admitted opportunism and the acts of treachery which Mr. Dixon-Johnson, in his letter to you of 3rd September, and I, have averred.

Yours, etc.,

LAURENCE H. STRAIN.

14th September, 1921.

#### SMALL-POX

[To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW]

SIR,—The 1920 Report of the Scottish Board of Health gives a full account of the Glasgow outbreak, down to the end of that year. It calls attention to the type of the disease: and to the conditions under which the disease was spread.

"The sources of the outbreak appear to have included both India and Egypt. Epidemic smallpox in these parts of the world is normally a severe disease with a high case-mortality, and when that type of smallpox finds entrance to this country it exhibits characters remarkably different from the mild smallpox which is now commonly associated with the disease as introduced from America."

"The housing of the population of Glasgow is exceptionally favourable to the spread of smallpox—indeed, probably no other large centre of population in Great Britain is worse off in that respect."

The total number of cases in Glasgow was 532. Outside Glasgow, and largely traced to infection from that centre, there were 126 cases in Burghs, and 66 in County areas.

"Of the total of 724 cases, 537 or 74 per cent. showed evidence of primary vaccination. Of these, however, only 31, or rather less than 6 per cent., were under 15 years of age. None of the cases under 15 years of age died. There were 81 deaths among the vaccinated, all of them over 15 years of age; which is equivalent to a case-mortality rate of 15.1 per cent. Among the 162 unvaccinated cases, there were 59 deaths, a case-mortality rate of 36.4 per cent. Of the 59 deaths among unvaccinated, no less than 49, or 83 per cent. occurred among children under 15 years of age."

There were also 25 "doubtfully vaccinated" cases, of whom 15 died. If we reckon them as unvaccinated, it raises the case-mortality of the unvaccinated to 39.6 per cent. If we reckon them as vaccinated, it raises the mortality of the vaccinated to 17.1 per cent.

Nobody doubts for a moment that better housing, better sanitary arrangements, would help to stop the spread of epidemics. Unhappily, the demolition of great tenement-houses, and the building up of a new district, are slow and gradual work. Meanwhile, the lessons of this outbreak are plain. (1) The mortality among those patients who had never been vaccinated was more than twice as high as the mortality among those patients who had, at some time or other, been vaccinated. (2) Among 537 vaccinated cases, only 31 were children: and of these 31 children, not one died. Among 162 unvaccinated cases, no less than 49 children died.

Yours, etc.,

STEPHEN PAGET.

Limpsfield, Surrey. Sept. 13, 1921.

[To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW]

SIR,—Statistics are apt at times to be deceptive things, but the interpretation put upon the small-pox statistics for Glasgow for 1920 by Mr. Morse Taylor in his letter of the 10th September, is somewhat unique. The figures as given by him are:—

- (1) 1920. Total cases, 542; deaths, 113.
- (2) Vaccinated cases, 400; deaths, 60.
- (3) Unvaccinated cases, 142; deaths, 53.

From these figures he infers "the inestimable benefit of vaccination." There can only be one ground for this inference, and that is that the mortality in the case

of the unvaccinated is 37.3 per cent., and in the case of the vaccinated it is only 15 per cent. This, however, disregards completely the fact that the vaccinated cases are largely in excess of the unvaccinated. The erroneousness of his point of view can be readily shown by the method of *reductio ad absurdum*. Suppose for example the vaccinated cases remain as they are, and that the unvaccinated cases were two only and that both of these died. The mortality in the case of the unvaccinated would then be 100 per cent., as against 15 per cent. for the vaccinated, but no one in this case could possibly infer that vaccination was beneficial. On the contrary, the figures would clearly show the advantage of not being vaccinated. The mortality is only one aspect of the question. What the statistics clearly reveal is that vaccinated people are much more likely to catch the disease, and that unvaccinated people are more likely to die of it, if they catch it. It is a very big "if." Moreover, seeing that the deaths in the vaccinated cases outnumber those in the unvaccinated cases, it is clear that the chances of death to a healthy person from small-pox are greater when he or she happens to be vaccinated. Further, the statistics ignore the very serious after-effects of vaccination itself, sometimes resulting in death.

The figures are very strong evidence against the principle of vaccination.

Yours, etc.,

H. S. LEFTWICH.

52, Grosvenor Road, Chiswick, W.4.

[To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW]

SIR,—It was with interest I read in your issue of September 3rd, the letter of L. Loat, in which it is stated that, in Glasgow out of 542 cases attacked by small-pox, 113 proved fatal. Now deaths from this disease take place coincidentally with the arrival of what is termed the secondary fever, which is due to the vesicles being converted into pustules, if precautions are not taken to inhibit the formation of pus, which is not a difficult matter to effect.

I therefore was appalled to find the death-rate was so high, but not surprised to note that sixty of these deaths occurred among vaccinated persons. My reason for making this statement is, that in the early eighties Glasgow was visited by a virulent epidemic of small-pox, when a considerable number of confluent cases and one hemorrhagic case came under my observation. Now these are of the type which prove fatal if the disease is permitted to run its usual course, death following the development of the secondary fever. In consequence of my knowledge of this fact, I took precautions against it supervening, and had the vesicles smeared over, once a day, with a 15% solution of carbolic acid in glycerine, with the result that the pustular stage never materialized and there was no secondary fever.

I published the results in the *British Medical Journal*, and the article was quoted in a number of the Continental Medical Journals.

But it would appear that this rational method of treatment has been overlooked in the recent epidemic, otherwise I feel confident there would have been no such death rate to report.

Yours, etc.,

ROBERT BELL, M.D.

15, Half Moon Street, W.1.

#### THE HOME OFFICE AND DR. LEVY

[To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW]

SIR,—I understand that according to the Alien Restriction (Amendment) Act, 1919, Section 10, 1, the Home Office is authorised to dismiss me from this country, a country in which I have resided with only one interruption since 1894. My wife, being also a German citizen, is likewise compelled to leave England, while our only child, a daughter of 12 years old, born

and bred in Great Britain, is permitted to remain. The authorities assure me that my personal character has nothing to do with their decision to expel me.

On the eve of my enforced departure, I should like to express my heartfelt gratitude to those faithful friends who have, though without success, intervened on my behalf at the Home Office. I should likewise feel honoured, if the numerous scholars and men of letters, here and in America, who have derived some pleasure, profit or enlightenment from my literary labours, will for the future hold me in kindly remembrance. As for my enemies, to whom apparently I owe my expulsion, I can only remind them that the last word on the subjects of the Nietzschean philosophy has not by any means been spoken, and that even its final condemnation would not alter in the least the claim I make with honourable satisfaction to having been the first pioneer both in England and America of one of the most important manifestations of European thought.

Yours, etc.,

OSCAR LEVY.

Royal Societies Club, St. James' Street.

Sept. 11th, 1921.

#### 'PRESENTATION'

[To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW]

SIR,—On my return to England I have read the very interesting article by Mr. Lewis Hind in your issue of August 20th, and I am in entire sympathy with his contentions. He appears, however, to think that the Crystal Palace has been selected as the permanent home of the Imperial War Museum. This is not so. It was merely taken on a lease for four years as the only available building where our vast collections could be brought together and temporarily exhibited. Of course, it is utterly unsuited for the exhibition of pictures and badly suited for the lucid organization of the war material. A permanent home will have to be provided when the money is forthcoming; but when will that be?

Yours, etc.,

MARTIN CONWAY,

Director General, Imperial War Museum.

H.M. Office of Works, Westminster, S.W.1.

#### ANIMAL PSYCHOLOGY

[To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW]

SIR,—The nice point raised in Mr. Jameson's letter in your last issue, may be put in the question: Is the *unreasoning* attitude of a cat balancing itself ludicrously on his hind legs with its front paws dangling, more unreasoning than the daily attitude of millions of men, women and children, not on their hind legs but on their knees, not with front hands dangling, but lifted palm to palm in silent supplication for milk or other foods, waiting for an unseen Providence to provide?

This gives me an opportunity too good to be lost to tell the story of my own fox terrier who had been taught to shut the door of my study when it was ajar; and often in doing so would almost cut off the tail of the black-and-tan terrier as it entered or left the room. When the black-and-tan squealed in alarm or pain, the malicious joy of the fox-terrier expressed itself in an ear-to-ear grin in which she always invited me to join, whereas, in other cases, she closed the door with an expression of self-esteem only.

In the end the feelings of the black-and-tan overcame her so completely that she left me to take up her quarters with my friend, to whom she was devoted.

These acts, says the Cartesians, are the unreasoning manifestations of the mechanism of automata.

To me they are inspired by pure reason. The intelligence of a well-trained high-bred dog is better ordered than that of the majority of men and women—in which dogmatism most sportsmen will agree.

J. M'LURE HAMILTON.

## Reviews

### THE NINETIES?

*Portraits of the Nineties.* By E. T. Raymond. Fisher Unwin. 15s. net.

THE title of this book is not on the whole well chosen. Mr. Raymond might justify it, to be sure, in a literary sense, because all the people of whom he writes were "going" in the last decade of the nineteenth century or at least during some part of it. But many of them were not essentially of that decade, did not accomplish their best work in it, did not stamp themselves upon it, and in dealing with these Mr. Raymond has of course to go outside his period. Mr. Gladstone, for example, and Lord Salisbury, were great figures in its early years, but no one would say that in these few years the best of their work was accomplished. Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Raymond himself says, "was, politically speaking, a ghost" in 1890; he belongs emphatically to the eighties. Spurgeon, again: surely his importance was over? On the other hand though the battle of Omdurman was fought in 1898, it is misleading to speak of Lord Kitchener as appealing to the imagination of our world "in the nineties." This point is worth making, because the title might lead a reader to suppose that the character of a decade is to be shown in the examination of its leading figures, and that, in spite of a brief essay on the period, is clearly not the author's intention. His book is a collection of character studies of certain eminent people alive in the nineties, but the period is not, genuinely, a connecting link between them.

So considered, there is not a great deal to be said about the book and it is hardly worth while to criticize the sketches individually. They are not often profound or noticeably entertaining, but they are solid, sensible and in the main just. Mr. Raymond has a negative merit which is considerable. His view, he says, is "rather that of the gallery than the green room," and he does not irritate us by vague suggestions of having been behind the scenes, as writers of character studies are too apt to do. When the note of intimacy is sounded with authority—as for example in Lord Rosebery's study of Lord Randolph Churchill—it is one thing and a delightful thing; when it is, as it were, hopefully insinuated without any obvious claim it is another thing. Mr. Raymond is free from this mistake. All he has to say might have been said by anyone conversant with the newspapers and current stories of the time—but everyone, it must be added, by no means has Mr. Raymond's skill in selection and arrangement. The best of the studies of statesmen is Lord Salisbury: it does a rare justice to a rare quality, his hatred of rascality and sham of every kind and his refusal ever to appeal to them. He gives us sound criticism of Mr. Hardy and Meredith: it is odd, by the way, that in noticing Meredith's strange weakness in dissimulating his origin he does not note the peculiar fact that Meredith used its associations freely in 'Evan Harrington.' Having praised in general we may add a criticism or two in particular for the interest of the points involved. Lord Randolph is mentioned as one of the only four people who were insensible to the quality in Mr. Gladstone "which compels a homage of the spirit even when the intellect is in vehement opposition." As a fact it was a remarkable and perhaps a strange thing in Lord Randolph that he had precisely this homage of the spirit towards Mr. Gladstone, admitting that he felt in him "a higher type of man than he was himself"—or words to that effect; we think Lord Rosebery quotes them. Sometimes Mr. Raymond lacks a trifle of information, as when in recalling a well-known flash of Sir William Harcourt's wit he refers to "an absurd person named Knightley": the late Lord Knightley, if too prone to boast of his pedigree, was naturally proud of it, as one of the most ancient in England. He thinks that "smart" is in its modern sense American-English, but it is eighteenth century

*passim*. These are small points indeed: a graver is a serious injustice to Aubrey Beardsley, who, he says, (coupling him with Oscar Wilde) "offended against all laws, human and divine, in order to be brilliant and exceptional," and compares him with the scoundrelly Dubedet in 'The Doctor's Dilemma.' This is, to the best of our belief, a very great injustice. Lastly we cannot pass by his remark that "Thackeray, as a kind of gentleman, heartily scorned the newspaper people with whom he was thrown into professional contact." The impertinence is not excused by its absurdity.

To return for a moment to the nineties. Though we queried Mr. Raymond's title, we think it a good thing that the contemporary reader should be reminded that the decade is not summed up in Oscar Wilde and 'The Yellow Book,' as he might sometimes suppose when he reads about it. They and the artistic impulses and revolts they connote were essentially of the nineties in the sense that they flowered and died in them. But even from the point of view of literature a decade in which Mr. Hardy wrote his best novels and Mr. Kipling was coming to his own and Mr. Wells beginning—"to name but these"—deserves a fuller association. And the *National Observer* and all Henley's influence, and the *Pall Mall Gazette* under Harry Cust—which oddly Mr. Raymond omits in his account of journalism in the nineties—are as essentially of this decade as anything in it. As to its general quality, Mr. Raymond writes sensibly in an introductory chapter, with a fervour—"the sun shone brighter in those days; the east wind was less bitter," and so on—which recalls Thackeray's famous passage in 'The Newcomes' about his own youth: if Mr. Raymond recalled it he might have refrained from insulting its author. He really should apologise.

### PHILOSOPHY AND POETS

*Shakespeare's Treatment of Love and Marriage and Other Essays.* By C. H. Herford. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.

DR. HERFORD need not have apologised for collecting these scholarly and thoughtful essays, previously printed in different places, into a book by themselves. He points out in a preface, however, that they are all connected with the same problem. "What terms does poetry make with philosophy, or religion, or patriotism, or politics, or love, when one of these is urgent, also, in the mind of a poet?" Truly a wide question capable of multitudinous applications. It covers easily enough Dr. Herford's essays, which deal with Shakespeare and love, with the poetry (and of course the philosophy) of Lucretius, with the effect of mountain scenery on Keats, and with D'Annunzio and the various mental strains in that poet. (He finds, by the way, in the effect of mountains on Keats and the reading of Nietzsche by D'Annunzio, a parallel which may be a little fanciful.) A fifth essay asks; is there a poetic view of the world? One way of reviewing such a work would be to follow Dr. Herford's thesis, to seize on those with which the reviewer disagreed and to argue with him thereon. That way, if pursued with proper respect to the author and the thesis, would demand more space than is available. In this case, too, the theories, though they may employ the wits of the reader, are less interesting—moderate though they are, and perhaps for that reason—than the criticisms, the illustrations and the parallels which the author's wide reading and fortunate memory supply. The better way, then, is to give the reader some idea of the scope of the essays and leave him to argue for himself. The first essay states "The Shakespearean works of love," exhibits it in the plays and mentions and explains the exceptions. This normal love is "ardent but not sensual, tender but not sentimental, pure but not ascetic, moral but not puritanic, joyous but not frivolous, mirthful and



witty but not cynical." There are theorists about Shakespeare who would not agree, but the essay is thorough and subtle as well. The next, on the poetry of Lucretius, illustrates the comparative unimportance of theory compared with detailed knowledge. Lessing is cited as denying that Lucretius was a poet because he does not come within Aristotle's definition. What does that matter? If a definition is to prevent our calling poet the writer of passage after passage of fervent beauty, so much the worse for the definition: it is an affair of names. The detailed account of Lucretius's philosophy, on its material and moral sides, is admirable. It is a pity, perhaps, that in quotation Dr. Herford did not print the Latin as well as his excellent translations: most of his readers would know enough to thank him. The essay on Keats and the effect of mountains on him is a slighter affair: it was written for the Keats Memorial Committee, which somehow did not inspire great achievements. That on D'Annunzio is very full indeed and should correct those people whose idea of this so variously endowed genius was that of a gifted voluptuary, until they thought of him as a comic adventurer. It is a critical essay and does not spare megalomania or heartlessness, but it is generously just. In his last essay Dr. Herford seeks to ascertain how far the poetic temperament itself reacts on the beliefs of the poets, and takes us over a very wide range. There are few readers, indeed, who could not learn much from it. And that applies to the whole book.

#### THE KING'S COLONIALS

*The History of King Edward's Horse.* By Lieutenant-Colonel Lionel James, D.S.O. Sifton, Praed. 25s. net.

THIS record of service will be a treasured possession in many homes throughout the Five Nations. Few war-books make a wider appeal. It tells of the Yeomanry regiment, happily christened the King's Colonials, which was recruited from Australians, Canadians, South Africans and New Zealanders resident in England. At the inception of the unit the federation of Australia and South Africa was not accomplished, nor had New Zealand been raised to the rank of a dominion; Britons overseas felt no shame in a title which summed up a goodly part of their national history and happily suggested their relation to the Mother Country. At the instance of Lord Strathcona, the King's Colonials became the King's Overseas Dominions Regiment, the consideration being a subscription of £10,000 to the private funds of the regiment. A number of prominent men from overseas were associated with it in those early days, among them Sir Hamar Greenwood, then a stuff gownsman, with little prospect of the career which opened before him after he was elected member for York. General Sir Herbert Lawrence, afterwards Chief of the General Staff under Lord Haig, commanded the regiment for five years. Above all, the unit was fortunate in having King George as its Colonel-in-Chief, a fact which is happily recalled by the signed frontispiece in Colonel James's book.

So named and so fathered, King Edward's Horse could not but have a record of good service during the World War. Colonel James tells of its work as divisional cavalry in France, in Ireland during the Sinn Féin rebellion, and on the Italian front. But the chapters which grip most surely are those which tell of the black days in April, 1918, when King Edward's Horse was assisting to cover the retreat of British forces under General Haking along the line of the Lys River. Railway cuttings had to be defended; bridge-heads to be held until the last cartridge had been burned. "Here were targets of which the expert gunners of King Edward's Horse had dreamed, but which in their wildest hopes they had never expected to meet in battle. 'Jerry' in column of route at 300 yards!"

What remains of these deeds is the record of valour in Colonel James's book and a war memorial at Vieille Chapelle, at the foot of which a party of French school children gathered a few weeks ago to hear Colonel James recite the roll-call of those who died that Vieille Chapelle might rise again from its ashes. As each name was called the children answered, "mort sur le champ d'honneur." If the memory of King Edward's horsemen helps to link England with France, it will be no less potent in keeping secure the ties which bind the Five Nations.

#### LETTERS FROM INDIA

*Letters to Nobody, 1908-1913.* By Rt. Hon. Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson. Murray. 12s. net.

SIR GUY FLEETWOOD WILSON took up his appointment in India as Finance Minister towards the end of 1908, and these letters cover the period during which he held that office. What with his frequent excursions after big game and the long and irksome journeys which always preceded and followed them, it appears on first thoughts improbable that the author had much time or energy left for attention to more formal affairs. But Sir Guy is a man of immense vitality and he not only devoted himself with zeal to his governmental duties, but displayed in so doing a breadth of outlook which we could wish was universal among Anglo-Indians. He recognised the importance, in relation to his appointment as Finance Minister, of keeping closely in touch with the many industrial and commercial interests in India, and his letters show a sympathetic appreciation of the Indian mind and Indian ideals and aspirations.

It was, of course, during his term of office that the Morley reforms were introduced, and he gives an amusing account of the first meeting of the Reformed Legislative Council in 1910. He is full of praise for the bearing of Indian members on the Council and for their intelligence and fairness in debate. He saw clearly the issues involved by the gradual granting of power to the natives, and he is insistent upon the stupidity of anticipating no change as the result of promulgating western thought and education.

So far [he writes in 1911] all goes well; but it is childish to expect that educated Indians will long tolerate a system which grants their political representatives the right and the power to discuss almost any proposal, to formulate reasonable demands, to agree in regard to them, and then have them crushed out of existence by the mechanical vote of a large official majority.

Sir Guy is a shrewd and witty critic of Indian government methods, and that he has a right to criticise it cannot be denied, for he himself acted as Viceroy for Lord Hardinge following the bomb outrage at the Second Durbar, of which he gives a good account. He also includes a letter in which he examines closely the case for and against a preferential tariff for India, and another in which he diagnoses the causes of unrest.

A. B. W.

*Pastiche and Prejudice.* By A. B. Walkley. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.

FOR most of the more intelligent sort of playgoers, if we may say so without offence to the rest, it is probable that Mr. Walkley's criticisms in the *Times* are the most acceptable guide to their amusement, at least so far as daily newspapers are concerned. Not only does he tell them all they want to know, as a rule, but he tells it in a manner which (the conditions of writing such things considered), is consistently admirable. However silly or dull the play, Mr. Walkley contrives, long practice no doubt assisting, to make a finished little essay out of his criticism, the last sentence neatly repeating and clinching the motive of the beginning,

as a man might snap his watch to after telling you the time. Of late he has added to these efforts a weekly essay in which his reading and fancy can have wider scope and now he has collected a number of these into a book. They make a real book, being held together both by coherence of subject—they nearly all bear more or less directly on the theatre—and by the very definite personality of the writer. There are two strains in that personality. He writes as a man of the world, tolerant, amused, taking things lightly, perhaps just a little too consciously up-to-date in wordly knowledge, and also (and this, we think, is by far the deeper strain) as a lover of books and of all bookish associations. It is a good combination; the flavours blend pleasantly; one has enough and one is never bored. In one respect only do the essays suffer by collection. Mr. Walkley has a few favourite quotations which coming at intervals of a few weeks or so in the *Times*, seemed merely to welcome one home again, as it were, but repeated in the course of a few pages in a book seem to do an injustice to the wideness of the author's reading.

Work done weekly, as a regular thing, must of course vary in quality. On the whole we like the *pastiches* less than the rest. Mr. Walkley is modest about his efforts and remarks that none of them rise above parody, which he says is "the pitfall of all *pastiche*." He makes a distinction between mere parody and the reproduction of "the spirit of the authors imitated," which he allows only to the *pastiches* of M. Marcel Proust, denying it even to Mr. Max Beerbohm's 'Christmas Garland.' There we contradict him flatly. Mr. Beerbohm got the spirit, got himself into the skin of divers writers, amazingly, perfectly. Mr. Walkley himself comes near to doing so in his parody of Henry James, but mostly his *pastiches* are not very good—he too often carries them off by using the exact phrases of the originals, which is a wrong way to work at imitation. Perhaps the best of his essays are those in which he expounds Croce's æsthetic. But they are all readable, whether he is analysing the efforts of Grock, the clown, or affectionately saluting Jane Austen or laughing at futurist dances. And all have a sense of form and proportion, which is a comfort in a slap-dash world.

#### THE PRINCE OF WALES

*Our Prince.* By Edward Legge. Nash. 5s. net.

*Down Under with the Prince.* By Everard Cotes. Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.

*The Prince of Wales' Book.* Published for St. Dunstan's by Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.

WE do not know what special qualifications induced Mr. Legge to write a biography of the Prince of Wales, but presumably that of being able to express himself in reasonable English was not included among them. His matter is so ill-arranged and arbitrarily chosen, and stated with such glaring defects of grammar and mis-statements of fact as to render the book almost unreadable. Two instances will suffice to explain its character. We are told that the Prince spent his twenty-fifth birthday at the front—a palpable impossibility—and, *à propos* of the Prince of Wales's undergraduate days, we are informed by Mr. Legge in a confidential aside that the correct pronunciation of Magdalen College is "Mandalin." The whole book is quite unworthy of its subject.

Mr. Everard Cotes has written a conventional account of the Prince's tour of the Antipodes, in which he himself took part as a correspondent. In the words of the author, "this book attempts to be a gangway to the *Renown* for the reader who would travel . . . the forty-five thousand miles of his Australian tour with H.R.H. the Prince of Wales." He tells two or three good stories which have nothing to do with the Prince of Wales, but possess the alternative merit of humour.

'The Prince of Wales' Book' (we might point out that the possessive singular of "Wales" is "Wales's") describes in a continuous series of photographs accompanied by explanatory letter-press the progress of the Prince throughout Canada, the United States, and Australia. His Royal Highness has himself written an introduction explaining that the profits from the sale will be devoted to St. Dunstan's, and if any further recommendation is needed it may be stated that the photographs are admirably reproduced and form an interesting record of memorable events.

#### TWICE COOKED MEATS

*David, the Son of Jesse.* By Marjorie Strachey. Cape. 7s. 6d. net.

THERE are readers who prefer twice cooked meats; who can enjoy tales from Shakespeare, but recoil in alarm from Shakespeare himself; who find the account of the plague acceptable enough in 'Old St. Paul's,' but are not to be persuaded into opening Defoe's 'Journal.' They demand no additions of fact, no interpretation, no heightened colours, no decoration; nothing, it would seem, beyond a more or less debased form of expression, even although the original style should be pellucidly clear. To such diffident persons Miss Strachey's revised biography of David may be expected to appeal. They will have memories of being introduced at an early age to the various characters that are grouped about the arresting figure of the shepherd King; but, like most of us, they will probably not have kept them up to any great extent; and it will be pleasantly instructive to meet these people in new and modernized clothes, and to realize, possibly for the first time, that they expect to be greeted, not as solemn shadows in a pious legend, but as men and women who once actually walked the earth, refreshingly urban and English, apart from their rather crack-jaw names, and no less undistinguished in thought, speech and deportment than the average Londoner of to-day.

Here they all are once more: Samuel, with the addition of a "long cotton gown" to his wardrobe; David "taking up" with Bathsheba; the witch of Endor "making a fearful fuss" in her cave, the prophet Nathan "coming in with a long-winded story about a rich man and a poor man and a lamb," Nabal "as drunk as a lord," and the rest. They strike one as a fairly sordid crowd. The hero himself, who has been generally considered a great, if tragically imperfect, creature, shrinks into the very sketchily drawn image of a totally unloveable intriguer; Abner has lost all his dignity, Jonathan's friendship all its beauty, and Saul, stripped of the strange poetry which he customarily wears, is little more than a poor gentleman who is subject to fits. Still, here is the story, and it is one of the famous stories of the world; one which cannot fail to hold one's interest, even as told by Miss Strachey.

Those who approve of her method will be grateful for the absence of Oriental feeling. Except for the consistent employment of the name Yahweh and one brief etymological footnote, the author has spared her audience the irritation of forcing their minds out of the ordinary homely grooves. Even the savageries and abominations of the time and place are treated in a latter-day spirit, and in one instance with a semi-facetiousness which may jar a little on the fastidious. There is a comic servant, loose, almost slangy, of speech, who can pun in English, and "wink portentously." The more devout of the author's admirers may be vaguely disturbed at some of these levities; they will undoubtedly be a good deal "sold" to learn that David never killed Goliath. But they will probably forget these minor disappointments in the pleasure of following a career of surprising fortunes, recounted in language which looks friendly to their eye.

There will remain a conservative section of the public that will still turn to the Old Testament when they feel any curiosity about the doings of the son of Jesse.

## ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT

*Rich Relatives.* By Compton Mackenzie. Martin Secker. 7s. 6d.

WE confess that the subtle difference between "relatives" and "relations," in the sense that Mr. Mackenzie uses the words, escapes us, although he must have had some reason for calling one of his books 'Poor Relations' and the next 'Rich Relatives.' It is a distinction somewhat characteristic of Mr. Mackenzie. We have read successive books of his with a particular expectation and hope that the promise shown in his early work would be fulfilled; and although we always find some exact observation, good writing and general entertainment in his work, we are still disappointed in his development as a novelist. The book before us is a study of human environment, consisting of various branches of a large bourgeois English family, upon a penniless girl, the daughter of an artistic member of the same family, who has been brought up in Italy. But we find no development of character consequent on this juxtaposition. What we do find is a set of descriptions of the various branches of the family, all of them extremely commonplace, rather vulgar, and not in the least displaying the characteristics of the "rich." As for the girl herself, after a few lines sketching her character and appearance in rather agreeable touches, she halts as a character and remains fixed throughout the pages of the book. Nothing happens except a series of extremely petty incidents, some of them described with the skill which we expect from Mr. Compton Mackenzie at his best, some of them not.

We have every sympathy with the modern novelist who wishes to be modern, and to feel his way to the exact form and substance which shall express what he has in him to express. Mr. Compton Mackenzie has now been feeling his way for a good while, and through many books, and we think it is about time that he began to find it. Perhaps his most serious defect as a writer is the absence of any emotional basis for his work. It is not enough to be clever, for cleverness is one of the commonest accomplishments of the present day. No essay in fiction which has not emotion as its basis can be regarded as art; and for that reason, and because of an absence of structure and development or of any real character study, we fear that 'Rich Relatives' must be regarded as belonging to fiction of the second class. Judged by that standard it is very good.

## A NEW "ELIZABETH"

*Vera.* By the Author of 'Elizabeth and Her German Garden.' Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

THE writer of this book has one quality, variously exhibited in some half-dozen volumes that have achieved both reputation and popularity, which distinguishes her among women novelists in this and almost any time. It is a sense of humour, limpid and delicate, which inspires not only the main situations in her story but runs like a fine thread of gold throughout the fabric of her writing. 'Vera,' although a much slighter performance, happily returns to the vein of the inimitable 'Pastor's Wife,' which we consider much the best of her books; the same sure hand and firm yet delicate touch are perceptible in every line. A hero and heroine introduced to one another under the shadow of death, she having been bereaved of her father and he of his wife within one week, would not, one might think, make a very auspicious starting point for a comedy; and yet in such sure hands the very boldness of the stroke adds to its effectiveness. The fact that the man is a caricature is all part of the author's intention. He is not so much a portrait of a man as a delicate exaggeration of the author's point of view about men in general, and about husbands in particular. The girl Lucy, whom he captivates by his sym-

pathy and succeeds in marrying well within the "widower's year" of convention, is a charmingly etched portrait of a delightful and affectionate creature whose childlike clarity and reasonableness of point of view afford an admirable medium through which the preposterous sentimentality and self-centredness of the husband can be observed. One of the cleverest things in the book, and quite characteristic of its author, is the way in which Vera, the dead wife, develops from a mere name and a portrait hanging on the wall to a personal and dominating influence in the situation which inevitably arises between a man with whom marriage was not so much an enterprise as a habit and a girl to whom the difference between an unsatisfied lover and a satisfied husband was plainly unexpected. The end of the story is, of course, shirked. The delicate fabric of comedy could not carry a sombre conclusion, and the author does not so much come to an end as break off in the middle, or indeed at the point at which a real story would begin, as one who should say, "There now, we have had enough of this story; the rest can be imagined." It is a delightful trifle, never ascending to seriousness, yet suggestive and pleasantly provocative of mild thought.

Incidentally we are pleased to notice in the appearance of this volume a return to something like pre-war conditions of book production. The price is very little over that of the old six shilling novel in the palmy days of book production. Both paper and machining show a great improvement on what has recently been accepted as a standard. We hope the example of Messrs. Macmillan in this respect will be followed.

## A SEQUEL

*General Bramble.* By André Maurois. Translated by Jules Castier and Ronald Boswell. Lane. 6s. net.

BEFORE the war was over there appeared in France a book called 'Les Silences du Colonel Bramble,' by a French interpreter attached to the British forces. It had an instant and very wide-spread success. After the Armistice, when people began to think of other matters, this war book continued its vogue, was translated into English, and achieved in this country an equal measure of popularity. Frenchmen saw in it, drawn in the easiest, clearest and most graceful lines, the key to the British mystery, the true portraits of those strange alien allies who had been living and fighting for years on their soil and whom they yet understood so imperfectly. Englishmen saw their national characteristics depicted, not indeed in a new light, but in a new manner and with a new charm, seasoned with a witty mockery which did not hide sincere friendship and admiration. Few of those who read the book can have failed to look forward to the sequel announced nearly a year ago, and now published. 'General Bramble,' if not as admirable as its predecessor, contains an almost equal number of amusing stories, and even more of those acute and gaily malicious studies of English type and English philosophy. Sometimes, of course, we recognize that M. Maurois is merely consulting his note-book, as Mr. Kipling often used to do before him. But when he reports he is a reporter of genius. He creates an atmosphere about his details that make alive for us his scenes as well as the personages who move in them. A few dull people were hurt by the pin-pricks of his first book, but as a fact he is the most subtle of flatterers. He laughs at us, but he laughs at us for just those vanities wherein we take greatest pride. What makes Mr. Bernard Shaw unpopular is that he is always telling us that we do not really possess at all the peculiarities that we most fondly cherish. But we are pleased when we find this outside observer, starting with no fixed ideas, confirming us despite his mockery in the not unattractive conception of ourselves that we are pleased to hold.



From the political point of view his work has its value. From the literary, we feel sure that these little books will serve another purpose than that of raising a momentary smile or awakening reminiscences of the happier side of warfare. With their deftness and precision they are quite important "*mémoires à servir*," which will continue to be read by people tired of solid histories of the period.

## Shorter Notices

*Gildersleeves*, by E. M. Wilmot Buxton (Sands, 8s. 6d. net), is a story of a High School Mistress in a modern school, apparently aiming at rivalling the school stories which have attained a certain amount of notoriety in the last few years—the amorous adventures of the school-mistress being of course on a different plane. It is complicated with propaganda in favour of Roman Catholicism, and leaves the heroine, after only one year's experience of school work, about to abandon that form of it for marriage.

*Threads*, by Frank Stayton (Butterworth, 8s. net), makes a better novel than a play. All the preparation on the stage necessary to make the returned convict's personality credible can be given at length here, though it can only be hinted at in the "three hours' traffic" on the stage. Treated as it is here, the story is a quite amusing and well-written extravaganza, and we have no hesitation in commending it as such to our readers.

*Trial by Ordeal*, by Evan Morgan (Lane, 7s. 6d. net), is a book which rather gives promise of good work to come than shows actual achievement. A recluse poet is tempted into the whirl of the most modern smart society, falls in love, and is unable to survive the ordeal of suspicion that the life of this society engenders. The picture of life drawn by the author is overcharged with decadence, but in spite of the warning from Ford on his title page we hope that he "will trouble us again," though not "in this kind."

*Our Hellenic Heritage*, by H. R. James (Macmillan, 6s. net), is an account of the elements of Greek legend and history for the use of the ordinary reader. The central points are the Homeric stories and the wars with Persia, and they are illustrated by the results of recent archaeology. The mythology dates from Lemprière, and no notice is taken of recent work on the origin and meaning of Greek worship, while such ceremonies as the Targellon are not mentioned, things concerning which a modern reader might well be curious. A second volume is promised dealing with Greek art and literature. The book will be of great use in stimulating a spirit of interest and inquiry among the large class of readers who know no Greek.

*The English Dominican Province: 1221–1921* (Catholic Truth Society, 3s. 6d.), is a collection of tracts by English Dominicans describing the history, aims, and methods of the Black Friars from their first landing in England to the present day. It will be a useful appendix to the large literature which has grown up in recent years round the rival order of the Franciscans or Grey Friars, though the general reader will learn little from it of the differences between them, doctrinal or otherwise, or of their connection with the Inquisition. The tracts are as a rule well written, though in the nature of things there is a very large amount of repetition of facts elsewhere stated in the book. It is well printed, but has no index.

## Books of the Week

### ESSAYS AND BELLES LETTRES

- DANTE E BOLOGNA. *Nuovi Studi e Documenti*. By Giovanni Livi. Bologna: Zanichelli.  
 LORDS AND COMMONERS. By Sir Henry Lucy. Fisher Unwin: 18s. net.  
 MAYFAIR AND MONTMARTRE. By Ralph Nevill. Methuen: 15s. net.  
 MY LIFE OF SONG. By Madame Tetrassini. Cassell: 21s. net.  
 RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS. By a Woman of No Importance. Nash: 12s. 6d. net.  
 REMINISCENCES OF A GRENADIER. By E. R. M. Fryer. Digby Long: 6s. net.  
 SCULPTURE OF TO-DAY. By Kineton Parkes. Vol. I. Chapman & Hall: 25s. net.  
 THE ROADMENDER. By Michael Fairless. New Edition. Illustrated. Duckworth: 21s. net.

### SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY

- AN INTRODUCTION TO PHILOSOPHY. By Wilhelm Windelband. Fisher Unwin: 21s. net.  
 EPILEPSY, HYSTERIA AND NEURASTHENIA. By Isaac G. Briggs. Methuen: 5s. net.  
 THE FOURTH DIMENSION SIMPLY EXPLAINED. Edited by Henry P. Manning. Methuen: 7s. 6d. net.

### TRAVEL

- KASHMIR IN SUNLIGHT AND SHADE. By C. E. Tyndale Biscoe. Seeley Service: 12s. 6d. net.  
 TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN EAST AFRICA. By John Roscoe. Cambridge University Press: 25s. net.

### VERSE

- ST. DUNSTON: A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS. By B. G. Ambler. Elliott Stock: 5s. net.  
 THE QUATRAINS OF IBN ET TEFRID. By John Payne. John Payne Society: 15s. net.  
 WADE'S BOAT. By E. H. W. Meyerstein. Murray: 5s. net.

### FICTION

- A LITTLE MORE. By W. B. Maxwell. Hutchinson: 8s. 6d. net.  
 CANAAN. By Graca Aranha. Translated from the Portuguese by M. J. Lorenti. Allen & Unwin: 8s. 6d. net.  
 CONFLICT. By Henrietta Leslie. Collins: 7s. 6d. net.  
 CREPE DE CHINE. By W. Edward Stirling. Mills & Boon: 3s. 6d. net.  
 DEB. By L. B. Wills. Digby Long: 7s. net.  
 GENERAL BRAMBLE. By André Maurois. Lane: 6s. net.  
 GOING HOME. By Barry Pain. Werner Laurie: 3s. 6d. net.  
 OVER LIFE'S EDGE. By Victoria Cross. Werner Laurie: 7s. 6d. net.  
 ROSE AND ROSE. By E. V. Lucas. Methuen: 6s. net.  
 SALLY VICTRIX. By Katharine Tynan. Collins: 7s. 6d. net.  
 SANTAL. By Ronald Firbank. Grant Richards: 7s. 6d. net.  
 SOME PIRATES AND MARMADUKE. By E. A. Wyke Smith. Illustrated by George Morrow. Lane: 6s. 6d. net.  
 SPANGLES OF EXISTENCE. By Robert Blatchford. Lane: 6s. net.  
 THE BLACK MOTH. By Georgette Heyer. Constable.  
 THE BLUE HAT. By Margaret Westrup. Fisher Unwin: 7s. 6d.  
 THE FLY-BY-NIGHTS. By Major-General Charles Ross. Murray: 7s. 6d. net.  
 THE FOOL. By H. C. Bailey. Methuen: 7s. 6d. net.  
 THEIR HEARTS. By Violet Hunt. Stanley Paul: 8s. 6d. net.  
 THE LITTLE DEATH. By I. Forbes-Mosse. Allen & Unwin: 7s. 6d. net.  
 THE SUBSTITUTE MILLIONAIRE. By Hulbert Footner. Collins: 7s. 6d. net.  
 THE THING. By Gertie de S. Wentworth James. Werner Laurie: 7s. 6d. net.

### MISCELLANEOUS

- A HISTORY OF THEATRICAL ART IN ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES. Vol. VI. By Karl Mantzius.  
 AN ENGLISH COURSE FOR EVERYBODY. By S. P. B. Mais. Grant Richards: 6s. net.  
 MORE MORROW. Drawings by George Morrow. Methuen: 6s. net.  
 SEVEN PEAS IN THE POD. By Margery Bailey. Harrap: 6s. net.  
 THE SOUL OF AN ANIMAL. By T. S. Hawkins. Allen & Unwin: 6s. net.

## A Library List

- ACROSS the Sahara: Kufara. By Rosita Forbes. Cassell.  
 A Few Short Runs. By Lord Harris. Murray.  
 \*A Prince in Petrograd. By Edgar Jepson. Odhams.  
 Astarte. By Ralph Earl of Lovelace. Christophers.  
 At the Supreme War Council. By Peter E. Wright. Nash.  
 Back to Methuselah. A Metabiological Pentateuch. By George Bernard Shaw. Constable.  
 \*Coquette. By Frank Swinnerton.  
 Dante. 1321-1921. Essays in Commemoration. Hodder and Stoughton.  
 Instructions to Young Sportsmen in all that Relates to Guns and Shooting. By Lt.-Col. P. Hawker, edited by Eric Parker. Jenkins.  
 \*Joanna Godden. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. Cassell.  
 Life and Letters of John Gay. By Lewis Melville. O'Connor.  
 \*Memoirs of a Midget. By Walter de la Mare. Collins.  
 Modern Democracies. By James Lord Bryce. Macmillan.  
 More Essays on Books. By A. Clutton Brock. Methuen.  
 \*Our Little Life. J. G. Sime. Grant Richards.  
 Portraits of the Nineties. By E. T. Raymond. Fisher Unwin.  
 Queen Victoria. By Lytton Strachey. Chatto and Windus.  
 \*Rich Relatives. By Compton Mackenzie. Secker.  
 Roving East and Roving West. By E. V. Lucas. Methuen.  
 Streaks of Life. By Ethel Smyth. Longmans.  
 \*The Death of Society. By Romer Wilson. Collins.  
 The Irish Situation. By Stephen Gwynn. Cape.  
 The Peace Negotiations. By Robert Lansing. Constable.  
 The Press and the General Staff. By Neville Lytton. Collins.  
 The South Sea Bubble. By Lewis Melville. O'Connor.  
 \*Vera. By the author of 'Elizabeth and Her German Garden.' Macmillan.  
 With the Battle Cruisers. By Filson Young. Cassell.

\*As asterisk against the title of a book signifies that it is Fiction.

## The City

*This Department of THE SATURDAY REVIEW will on October 1 come under the charge of Mr. Hartley Withers, at present Editor of 'The Economist.'*

### STOCK MARKETS

THE duration of the present spell of extreme ease in the money market is a matter of uncertainty, because it is largely due to artificial considerations, including the reparations payment. While it lasts there is naturally an increased demand for gilt-edged securities, and marked strength has been displayed by War Loan Fives and the Funding Loan. Nevertheless, the Government's financial policy continues to be severely criticised, and investors still show a preference for well-secured Industrial Debenture stocks. In the more speculative markets the rapid *volte face* in Oil shares as the result of pressure being applied to the bears, was the chief feature of the past week. Doubtless the recovery was assisted by the coming visit of Mr. Lamont and other financiers to Mexico City, to discuss the debt question. This looks as if the promise to resume payment on October 1st will be honoured, and has caused a rise in Mexican External Fives. Grand Trunks have fallen to still lower depths as the result of belated liquidation. Argentine Rails failed to respond to the fulfilment of hopes in connection with increased freight rates. The Foreign market has been dominated by the wild movements in the mark and the franc, the net result of which was to establish lower levels for German and French loans. The view is held in well-informed quarters that Germany is deliberately playing for default on the reparation payments, upon which too great hopes have been founded by successive French Finance Ministers.

### INDUSTRIALS

The promise of increased activity has hardly been fulfilled, though the Industrial market has contained some bright spots. Liebig new shares have moved up sharply in the belief that, despite the increase in the capital there will be little or no reduction in the dividend, which has been maintained at 25% free of tax since 1914-15. Nitrates have recovered on reports as to good forward contracts having been made. A further meeting of producers to fix prices is to be held shortly. Low Temperature Carbonisations ran up sharply on the plant at Barnsley for producing coalite being in full operation. The old Coalite shares, it will be remembered, used to have sensational spurts, followed by oblivion. Leading Textiles reacted with the price of cotton, but British Dyestuffs have had a sharp rise, attributed to the operation of the new Dyestuffs Act. Iron and Steel shares have tended downwards under the lead of Vickers. The reduction in the Bolckow Vaughan profits was no more than was expected. New Debentures have been placed privately by the Yorkshire Electric Power Company, and an issue of £500,000 7½% Debenture stock is being made by the Manchester Brewery Company at 95. The stock is repayable at 103 in 1951 and looks a good security of its class.

### LEVER BROS. ABSORB DE BRUYN

The latest Lever deal with De Bruyn Ltd., manufacturers of margarine, etc., can hardly be called a fresh

acquisition by the former, because that company already held, indirectly, a dominating interest in the concern. The Niger Company, now controlled by Levers, holds a large block of ordinary shares in De Bruyn, and the latest proposal that holders of the 6% Pref. shares of £1 each in the latter, should exchange share for share into the 20% 5s. Pref. of Lever Bros., will merely render the amalgamation complete. Pref. shareholders in De Bruyn are now informed that there is no prospect of a dividend for some years, and the exchange is therefore recommended. The company in question was badly hit by the war, and has never made any distribution on its Ordinary shares, although the Pref. dividend has been paid up to last year. In the circumstances, the disparity between the nominal prices of the shares to be exchanged is offset by the fact that a security of doubtful value, at present dividendless, is replaced by a much more secure investment likely to give a regular yield of 5% instead of a problematical 6%.

### GRAND TRUNKS

The best course for holders of Grand Trunk junior stocks, after the terrific slump that has occurred, would be to await the meeting of the stockholders which will be called after the full report of the arbitrators' judgment has come to hand. This should arrive about the end of next week. It will then be seen what chance there is of a successful appeal to the Financial Committee of the Privy Council—a highly expensive procedure which must not be lightly undertaken—or whether it would be wiser to rely upon the "compassionate consideration" of the Canadian Government. Of all the foolish counsel given to holders, the advice to attack their own Board strikes us as the most inept. If mistakes have been made in the past, this is no time for recrimination, and we consider that Sir Alfred Smithers and the Committee should be supported in the attitude they have taken towards the decision. This is briefly that, without the admission of evidence as to the physical value of the property, the arbitrators cannot claim to have had the full facts before them. Stress is also laid upon incidents in the company's past history which seem to show that it has been unfairly treated by successive Governments. The fall in the 4% Perpetual Debenture stock, the Guaranteed & Grand Trunk Pacific 4% Debenture stock is merely sympathetic, the position of these securities being unaffected by the award.

### RUBBER SHARES

The neglected and disconsolate Rubber Share Market shows no signs of improving. A recent feature has been the weakness of Anglo-Dutch plantations of Java, which until lately was one of the firmest shares in the list. Shareholders are evidently apprehensive about the threatened fresh taxation in Java, to which we referred recently, and a good deal of liquidation has been going on. Despite the company's great cash resources of about £1,000,000, in relation to a capital of £2,000,000, and the possession of one of the finest properties in the Middle East, the shares have fallen below 20/- from the region of 40/- last year. As a set-off to this depressing factor, the market has been cheered by the declaration of a 20% dividend by Mount Austin Rubber Estates. This remarkable result at a time when rubber is selling at less than the bare cost of production, is due to lucky or astute forward selling—

# NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE

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according to the point of view—when the price of the commodity was much higher. The company is in fact on velvet, for it has a contract this year to deliver 1,200 tons of rubber at from 2/4 to 2/6 per lb. and another next year for the same amount at 2/4½.

#### LEYLAND & BIRMINGHAM REPORT

It is an unusual experience for Leyland & Birmingham, the well-known rubber manufacturing company, to incur a loss, as was the case for the past year. For each of the three previous periods a dividend of 15% was paid and for 1918-19 a share bonus of 25% was made, in addition. The adverse result for the year ended June last is attributed to "abnormal conditions prevailing throughout the trading period." After deducting a claim for refund of E.P.D. the net loss was £20,014, but a substantial balance was brought in from the previous year and there still remains a surplus to carry forward of £34,622. This would suffice to pay a fair dividend, but in view of the present financial position the board recommend its retention. This company is identified with the rubber road paving experiments that have been made in the borough of Southwark during recent years.

#### E.P.D. TO THE RESCUE

Some of the tea planting companies that were so heavily hit by E.P.D. in the past have now reason to thank that obnoxious impost for keeping intact a nice little cash reserve for them. Nearly all the companies have had a very bad year, showing heavy losses, and are now claiming large refunds of duty previously paid. The well-known Doom Dooma Tea Company is a case in point. Here the loss for the past year, on crop account, amounted to £27,360 contrasting with a pre-war profit standard of £34,603. A very considerable sum is therefore refundable by the Government, so that despite the actual loss for the year, the directors seem justified in recommending a final dividend of 5% absorbing £11,000, and making 10% in all. Even then it is expected there will be a good balance to carry forward out of the tax refund.

Of course, the Tea company reports that are coming out for the past year afford no indication of the marked improvement in the industry to which we referred last week. After all, the bulk of the loss incurred by producers was due to the adverse rupee exchange, now back to normal, and the consequent reduction in costs together with the better prices for the commodity now being paid, will be clearly reflected in the reports due a year hence.

#### RAW COTTON FLUCTUATIONS

Our Manchester correspondent writes: Wide fluctuations continue to take place in raw cotton rates in New York and Liverpool. It seems quite impossible to fix a basis on which business in yarn and cloth can be done, and most buyers are holding aloof pending more settled conditions. It is believed that if values would steady about the present level, increased activity in manufactured articles would be experienced. There has been terrific gambling in raw cotton during the last few weeks, and speculative operations have by no means been confined to America. Lancashire spinners are securing their supplies of good grade material and a feature of the buying this week has been the extensive purchases in Peruvian descriptions. The crop in the United States is still doing badly and the plants in Texas have been adversely affected by the storm last week-end.

#### INTERNATIONAL COTTON STATISTICS

Mr. Arno Pearse, the Secretary of the International Cotton Federation, has just returned from South America, where he has been on a mission for the purpose of investigating the growth of cotton in that part

of the world. It is understood that he will present an interesting report to the committee at an early date. The half-yearly statistics relating to stocks and consumption of raw cotton throughout the world will be published by Mr. Pearse next week.

#### TEXTILE SHARES

The market for textile shares on the Manchester Stock Exchange this week has been rather easier. Some of the fall in values is said to be due to the fears of a labour crisis. Crosses and Winkworth have been firm on the announcement that it is the intention of the directors to pay the usual preference dividend. Stocks of yarn held by spinners have of course appreciated in value during the last few weeks, and the financial position is better. Mill shares have been rather steadier. There have been rumours of a Bolton mill changing hands. The Calico Printers' Association meeting is next Wednesday. As the settlement with the Inland Revenue Authorities has not been completed, the meeting will be adjourned to a later date, when the annual accounts will be presented.

#### LABOUR DISPUTE SETTLED

The labour dispute at a cotton mill at Oldham, which promised to involve the industry in a serious crisis, has been settled. A week or two ago the owners of the Anchor Mills decided to turn from coarse to fine counts. This decision meant an alteration in the machinery, and it was necessary for certain workpeople to "play off" during the interval. The trade union contended that the operatives should be paid their wages or receive some compensation during the change, and gave notice of their intention to strike if the demand was not met. Local joint meetings between the employers and the trade union officials were held, but no agreement could be reached. The matter then got into the hands of the central organisations in Manchester. The Masters' Federation threatened to bring about a general lockout. At the beginning of this week negotiations took place between the Masters' Federation and the Cardroom Operatives' Association. On Wednesday the strike notices were withdrawn and the dispute was brought to an end. The workpeople evidently realised that their policy could not be justified.

#### THE MINING MARKET

The fear that the depreciation in the sterling value of the French franc would induce continental realisations has been the main cause of the weakness in the mining market, the Kafir section being also affected by some disappointment over the August monthly returns from the mines, working costs per ton showing but little of the reduction which was expected, while the absence of any official confirmation that an arrangement had

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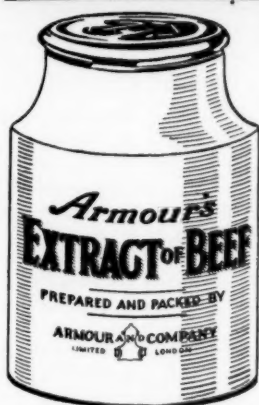
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been fixed up with the Union Government with regard to the ex-enemy holdings was considered unsatisfactory. The slowly rising price in currency of gold was ignored, although indications are not absent that the price may presently substantially advance unless trade conditions in this country materially alter for the better. Diamond shares have been a feature of weakness, American prosperity—the bulk of the stones go to the United States—improving far more slowly than was generally expected. Rhodesians, under the lead of Chartered, have been offered at lower prices, while there has been practically nothing doing in either West Africans or Nigerians. At one time there was quite a burst of activity in Burma Corporations, but the demand being satisfied, the shares have relapsed into inactivity. The improvement in the price of silver has brought little comfort to the shareholders of Mexican mining stocks, most of which have suffered from falling quotations. Copper appears to be hardening, but the movement has not yet been sufficient to bring about any enquiry for the shares of producers. Russo-Asiatics have been firm, but quiet, at 9/6.

#### NIGERIAN TIN

It is about fifteen years ago that rumours of extensive tin deposits in Northern Nigeria trickled through to the Stock Exchange. A good deal of money has been made in mining ventures, and a private syndicate was speedily organised for the purpose of sending out an expedition to investigate the reports. The venture was followed by others, and numerous companies were formed to secure and work the mineralised areas which were located. At the beginning some of these companies did remarkably well, distributing substantial dividends to their shareholders, whose holdings largely appreciated in capital values. The price of the metal was then about £160 per ton, and in spite of the lack of transport in the country, and the absence of knowledge of the geology, the shallow deposits which were then worked gave satisfactory results. After these shallow deposits became exhausted, operations had to be conducted on more technical principles, the breaking down of the ground by jets of water under pressure being generally adopted. Although expenses increased, the greater quantity of ground treated allowed of good returns being made. Then the war intervened, and the price of tin rose to a level which made economy in production unnecessary. When the slump came, expenses remained high, and few of the companies were able to cover expenditure. One or two of the concerns have recognised the altered conditions, and are now obtaining the same results with four or five white men as where a few months ago 30 were employed. Tin concentrates can now be mined at a cost on the spot of £12 per ton, to which has to be added freightage to Liverpool, say £16, smelters' charges approximately £15 per ton, and overhead charges and London expenses. With tin at £160 the value of concentrates would be £120, so that something like £80 per ton should be available for management expenses and profit. Unfortunately the majority of directors appear wedded to extravagance, but the need of further working capital may enforce economy. The discovery of gold—alluvial and lode—may also assist to recreate public interest in Nigerian mining.

#### OIL MARKET NOTES

During the last week the market has been dominated by the feverish movements of Foreign Exchange. Although the price of Mexican Eagle in Paris has remained steady, they have been selling in London all the week and the price has fallen from 5½ to 4½—after lowest price 4 11/16. Shells have also been sold and the price closes 4½ after 5½. Royal Dutch close 40, the extreme fluctuation being 38 and 41½. Burmah are 5½ after 5 9/16 and 5¾. The Trinidad group remain lifeless, and slightly lower, Apex 1 27/32, Central 3 and Leaseholds 1 15/16. A fair amount of liquidation has

been in progress from Liverpool and Manchester, believed to have been caused by losses made in the cotton market.

#### MEXICAN SHIPMENTS

The opening weeks of August found Mexican oil shipments still marking time, as in July, so far as the leading American producers were concerned. Without doubt more recent political events in Mexico City will have resulted towards the close of the month in fresh accessions to the ranks of the companies actively shipping. During the first ten days of August the low July average was maintained, but American producers displayed more confidence in the outlook. Two of these companies—the Del Agwi and the East Coast—forged well to the front with shipments in the ten days period, their respective totals being 436,353 and 164,000 barrels. Mexican Eagle Oil Company figures to hand apply only to the first six days of August, giving a total of 238,570 barrels. July made a similarly modest opening for this company, but closed with a total in the record class, and the figures just quoted do not embrace the coastwise shipments. August is likely to show a big revival of activity so far as the Corona Company (Shell) is concerned. During the week ending August 20th, this company's shipments—200,000 barrels—equalled its total for the whole of the previous month. Most of these shipments consisted of fuel oil to European markets. Advices indicate that as August progressed La Corona gave every indication of increased activity, since no company in recent weeks is being favoured with so many new completions of promise—Lot 224 Amatlan calling for special attention in this respect. The present month, too, inaugurates the first unit of the new refinery at Chijol, by means of which the company expects to turn out 15,000 barrels of refined products daily. This refinery will handle southern crude through the new 8 in. pipe-line. By November 1, the second unit (served by a 10 in. pipe-line running parallel to the 8 in.) will be in operation, when the total capacity of the Chijol refinery will be some 30,000 barrels daily. Thus events as outlined in Sir Henry Detering's speech in the early summer, when he indicated Mexico's vanishing dependence on American refining facilities, would appear to have already registered an important advance.

#### MEXICAN TAXES

The increased export tax on oil—now in process of adjustment at the Conference in Mexico City—did not add to the Mexican Government's popularity with the "foreign" producing companies. Equally, the new tax on oil imported into Mexico—operative as from August 1—is calculated to flutter the native consumer, especially in Northern Mexico, which has of late been an active importer of oil from the Texas fields, thanks mainly to suspended activity in the Tampico field, and transportation difficulties. The government, however, has the consolation of knowing that it is at least not imposing an unmitigated hardship on all and sundry, since those interests chiefly responsible for internal oil distribution may confidently be expected to lodge no complaint. It will be recalled, for instance, that somewhere in the neighbourhood of half its total production is disposed of by the Mexican Eagle Company in Mexico itself. No little piquancy therefore is furnished by this further move of the government to ensure for Mexico as ample reward as may be from the national petroleum resources. The motto "For Ourselves Alone" is evidently not to be confined to any one country. On this oil tax problem no useful purpose can be served by ignoring the fact that, to date, the Mexican oilfields compare more than favourably with the over-all costs obtaining in any other field. Leading Mexicans are the first to admit that the chief severity of oil taxation in their country lies in the uncertainty of the process, thus prejudicing operators' contract dispositions.

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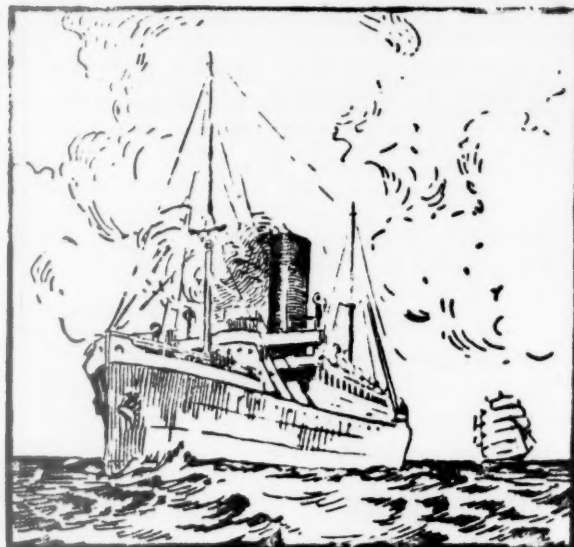
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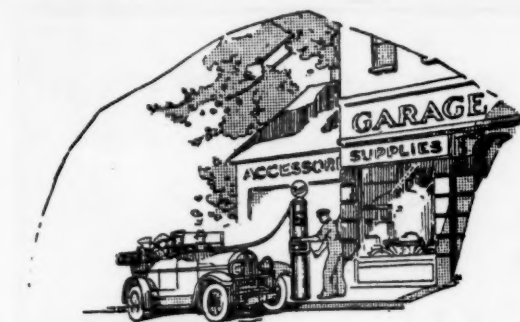
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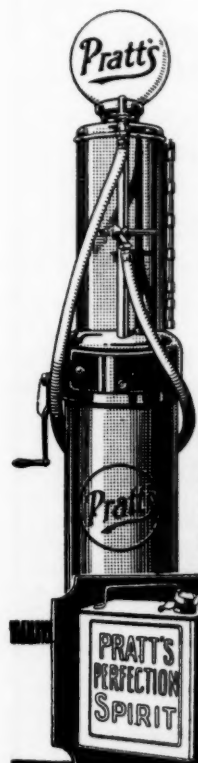
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